UNDO THE IMAGE

John Armstrong Walker

Undo the Image
a cosmos original 2013
John A.Walker
www.cosmos-original-productions.co.uk

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They made a calf in Horeb, and worshipped the molten image Psalm 106:19

To all Freedom Fighters

1

The Mating Festival was on again. Simon was not sure if he should go or not. He had never been before. However, he knew from reading social network sites, many people visited the festival every year. He had read on the forums that many people had found love there. Just about every nation was represented.

Every year it was held in Spain. To take part in the festival you had to do the usual thing: give your personal details over the Internet. He noticed the company organising the festival had an interesting name: Merge International. Simon knew that after he had paid them some money, it would be just like any other Internet transaction. They would send him a ticket, via his e-mail, and supply him with general information about how to get to the festival from the airport, train, or bus station.

Simon thought he would try it this year: "Why not, nothing to lose, after all it is 2013, and maybe I will get lucky."

After breakfast in his flat, he booked his flight and hotel on his laptop computer. Simon was happy; for he got quite a good

deal. He was so enthusiastic that he did this even before his e-ticket had arrived in his in tray from the festival organisers.

Thinking about the trip, he still could not believe the name of the people running the Mating Festival: Merge International. Simon laughed to himself, as he looked at their website again: "Yes, that does sound like an appropriate name for a company running a love festival."

Simon thought he had better get one of those new phones: for he knew everything these days came through that small device. He fancied one with a large screen so that he could pinch it, and enlarge the objects and pictures on it, as well as send messages and make phone calls. Laptops were great, but they were heavy to carry around.

Presently, he received his number from the organisers of the festival: 849320237. This was all that was needed. He knew that this number, along with his passport, would identify him as Simon Taylor from Glasgow. He would phone his mother this evening and tell her the news that he was going away for a few days next week, just in case she was thinking of popping down to his flat to see him. Simon knew he couldn't tell her that he was going to a Mating Festival in Spain. He would just say he was going away for a short break.

It was Monday and he had the morning off from university, so he had plenty of time to think about things. In his flat, he relaxed by doing his yoga exercises. A few moments later sitting there in the lotus position, Simon wondered if he should ask a friend for advice before going to the festival. Then again, did he really want to do that? He knew that would take all the fun and mystery away from the adventure. People were always wrong about things anyway, or at least their understanding was different from his.

However, Simon did contact someone. His name was Moro. He sent him an instant message via his phone:

Moro what was the Mating Festival like last year?

The answer came back right away from his Spanish friend:

It was very good, my friend - a real hoot as you British would say. You know when I was there last year, I met a gold-digger. She was very nice. I wonder what she is up to now. I may go back sometime and try my luck again. Yes, go for it my friend, you will have a good time.

Moro was from the city of Malaga, south of Spain, although he let it be known that he was born in Morocco. He was a character, he seemed to know everything about life, yet to those who knew him he never worked, or studied much. He was someone who loved living off the land. In fact, some of his friends thought him a modern-day layabout. He was the right person to ask about this kind of thing.

Simon did not worry about gold-diggers; he was not a rich man. He had enough money from his allowance, but that was tied away in a managed fund somewhere. He could not even get his hands on it if he wanted to. As he stretched himself out on the floor to do more exercises, he said to himself: "Yes, I am glad I am going this year, something to look forward to."

Simon Taylor did not know what type of woman he wanted to meet, let alone marry. He liked different types for different reasons. He had a girlfriend, but she did not like the idea of someone owning her. Simon had been brought up a Christian, and he really felt something there. His friends were mostly unbelievers; he was not all that comfortable with them now that

he was older. The ones that had been married were all divorced, such were the times they were living in. He was glad he was still single. His friends seemed to live strange lives; they never spoke about their partners they lived with. And when he met their partners, he noticed that they never spoke about their partners either. It was a silent world where no one seemed happy, or annoyed, yet everyone pretended to live an exciting life.

Some of his friends were really funny, and they were good fun to be with, but the thing he did not like was that when the fun was over, they were always ready to tear each other apart. Whereas he knew that to a have a real friend in life was not like that. And to have a wife, well that something else - was it not - someone you shared your body and your soul with.

He knew that the Mating Festival lasted for three days; it would bean experience if nothing else. Yes, when he thought about it again, he was glad he had booked up to go. He knew that people from all over the world would be there at the Mating Festival. There would no doubt be some interesting and exotic creatures hanging about. The organisers claimed that over 20 per cent of people who attended the festival found a partner, and that fifty percent still kept in touch with someone after the event had finished.

He would put on his new suit, and get a haircut. Simon was tall; he was like a male model. His manners were refined; he had lovely dark eyes, and a winning smile. No matter where he went women liked him.

The flight was early in the morning, so Simon phoned a cab to go to the airport. Sitting in the taxi car that morning he wondered if there would be people on the flight going to the Mating Festival in Spain; he had not thought about that before. Maybe he would meet someone before he got off the plane?

He had got up early that morning and had packed a few things into a small suitcase: a white shirt and a jumper, and some toiletries. It was spring in Europe, and the temperature he knew would be warm over there. Simon liked to travel light wherever he went. He remembered he had, along with others, to be in the main hall of the hotel for 1pm, so there would not be much time to hang about. The information he had received from the organisers, he remembered, had said that everyone had to meet and mingle for an hour. He had to keep his handheld device open so that messages could be sent to him when he arrived in Spain.

Simon knew that anyone interested in him could scan his details on the company's website, and send him a text message if they wanted to meet him for a one to one session. He had read too that some women even invited men to their rooms for lovemaking without getting to know them first in the hall. It appeared that even though all your details were on the system some people wanted to go further on the first date, and find out intimate things about you: details that could only be gathered about you when you were naked. When Simon laughed to himself he noticed the taxi driver looking at him in the mirror. He thought he had better say something to him: "Are the roads busy this morning?"

"What time is your flight, mate?" replied the man in a gruff voice.

"10:30," replied Simon, looking at the back of the man's hoary head."

"Plenty of time."

Simon had no real plan so to speak; he would just wait and see what happened. As he sat there in the back of the taxi he reminded himself that every day was unique: "Life is

predictable, yet unpredictable," was one of his favourite sayings to his friends.

He would text anyone he fancied. Simon felt confident; however he knew that went for little in the great scheme of things between the sexes. Simon by this time in his young life had had many sexual experiences. The thing he had really wanted though was to find someone to love and have sex with. Sex and love seemed to be a rare combination, hard to find, like wealth and happiness, good looks and charm. He dared not say anything like that to his mates: for they would think him soft and would laugh at him.

His friend Moro was a great authority on sex. He had interesting views on women. He had met him at the university in Glasgow about a year ago, along with another lad who went by the strange name of Yogurty. Moro was a macho man: "Women are slaves, but you must treat them well, my friend," he was always saying this to Yogurty. "You see, my friend, women are gullible and insecure. You must remember this, when you meet them. You have got to play on their insecurities to get a result."

Simon could see that women did not really understand Moro, even though they went out with him. This, however, seemed to work in his favour. The female students seemed to accept what others, who did not know him, said about him. It was as if they went out with another person, and not the one Simon knew. Simon liked him, but he did not trust him. Everyone who knew Moro, knew that he had mastered the art of how to be part of society, yet apart from it. He was funny, yet contemptuous about life. On the other hand, Simon was an open book. He wore his heart on his sleeve. He was outgoing and good fun to be with.

Even though he was at university, studying philosophy, Simon had taken a part-time job in a high-fashion store in town.

His choice of employment surprised his friends. He worked two days a week there in the make-up department. He dressed smart to go to work in a pinstripe suit and tie. Simon really enjoyed working with the public. It was something different for him; he had no real experience of being a sales person before. He was a quick learner though, and so far had got on well with everyone. The beautiful girls he worked beside were almost unreal at times. And life in the store - well that was something completely unreal to him. He thought the shoppers, as they made their way from floor to floor, were mesmerised by the goods on offer.

Simon felt the only real thing about the store was the café bar where everyone went during the day for a coffee, or for some lunch. Simon had noticed that people there inside the café bar started to act normal again. The sight of food and hot drinks seemed to relax them, and make them happy again. It was as if they could not pretend anymore, when presented with good food, that they were anything other than human beings, and that they all shared the same functions. This surprised him; for he noticed that when people were served with such delights they became happy, and they smiled at each other. They seemed to come to their senses: for they knew they needed to eat and drink just to live. The public visited the café bar too, and this added to the friendly atmosphere inside the store. It was here, every Monday, Simon met his friends Moro and Yogurty.

No matter where he went Simon studied human behaviour: for philosophy to him was nothing more than the study of life itself. At university Simon had access to a lot of material, and when he was not there he usually relaxed in his flat on his own, or with his girlfriend.

The flight was at 8 30 am; they were scheduled to arrive in Malaga at 11 am. Simon felt good when the aeroplane touched down; he was not tired at all. He had put on light make up to

take away any dark shadows under his eyes, but apart from that he was natural. He had learned a few cosmetic tricks since working in the make-up department in town. Simon saw himself as a modern man: a man without restrictions, or hang-ups. As a rule he did not like perfume on men. He agreed with Coco Chanel and what she sad about men who wore perfume. That's where he differed from the other men who worked in the make-up department; he felt that they saw everything as feminine, while he saw it as theatre or art. Yes, Simon Taylor was a young man about town, two days a week in fact in the cosmetic industry, and the rest of the time at university.

It had been a good flight, fairly busy too. There may have been people on the plane going to the Mating Festival, but he never heard anyone talking about it. He did notice a group of young men going away for a stag holiday. They were scattered about here and there, some in rows, some in single seats. You could not really miss them: for they all had on tee-shirts with the lucky lad's name printed on it: Stinky's Stag Party. Thankfully, they were all sober. The rest of the passengers seemed regular holidaymakers, retired couples, elderly men and women off to spend their pensions abroad. Of course, there were also businessmen and women on their own in amongst the travellers, sitting there quietly reading papers, or catching up with business reports on their computers.

2

The Mating Festival he knew from the e-mail sent to him was to beheld in a four-star hotel in the centre of town. The hotel was about half an hour from the airport. It sounded very posh indeed when he had read about it online. When he got there Simon stood for a moment outside the hotel. He had managed to get a bus there after getting lost outside the terminal. He observed that the outside of the hotel was just like the photo on their website.

As he walked forward, he glanced at the swimming pool through the large front window. Just then a nice figure in a yellow bikini appeared and walked around it. The pool he could see was situated at the back of the hotel. Once inside he stood at the large reception desk. Simon looked around; he guessed that the main hall was over to his right where some guests were already standing. He could see that the hotel was large enough to be used for a concert hall at night, as well as for seminars during the day; it was really quite a large hotel.

After he checked in, he was directed by the good-looking female receptionist to go to the main hall where the sign outside read: Mating Festival. As Simon entered the room, he immediately noticed the huge wooden floor, polished and shiny. The Spanish sun seemed to make everything beautiful and clean wherever it fell. He could see at the far end, near to the window, there was a long table there with a white cloth covering it, and on both sides of it chairs for people to sit on.

He had read outside the establishment, on a plaque on the wall, that this was a four star hotel, and now inside he could see that it was of a good standard. As soon as he entered the room the noise hit him. It was the unmistakable noise of optimistic youthful voices, and right away it made him feel at home. The sound of young voices all chatting to each other really impressed him. Simon felt relaxed; he was ready to meet the young ladies.

"There must be about 300 people here already," he thought to himself, as he moved forward.

The majority he could see were young women. He smiled over at a smartly dressed lovely young Spanish girl, standing just inside the doorway. She was no doubt part of the Merge Group. Suddenly, an amplified voice in a foreign accent boomed out in broken English: "Beautiful people, we thank you for coming along to the 25th Mating Festival. Please mingle and meet each other. You are welcome. There will be a buffet and some drinks in about an hour. Enjoy yourselves!"

Simon looked back towards the far end of the room again, and this time he spotted a man in a dark suit. He noticed a small microphone in his lapel. He was looking smug, as if he had just come into a fortune, or through luck was now in possession of a winning lottery ticket for El Gordo. He was standing beside another older looking man who too was beaming with delight. The two men started chatting to some guests. The glass window

behind them was like a giant monitor with passengers and cars going by outside. Everything on the sunny side of the street looked enchanting and unreal. The lights inside the hall were softly changing, and from time to time were developing subtle colours and themes that no doubt the organisers hoped would impress their guests.

"Well, let's meet the ladies," thought Simon to himself, as he walked forward another few paces.

Funny enough the two girls he came across were English; he could tell that just by looking at them. Before approaching them Simon checked their numbers quickly on his phone. Anne he could see was from Margate, and Elizabeth was from Newcastle. They were both around his age. Anne was looking for a long-term partner; she wanted to travel. Elizabeth was looking for a soul mate. He guessed soul mates travelled together even when they were apart from each other. Anne was nice and slim, and he noticed that she must have been the girl at the pool; for under her loose gray jumper he could see a yellow bikini.

In a fake Geordie accent, he asked Elizabeth: "So where are you from like, then?"

Elizabeth laughed at him. She seemed the type to go for what she wanted, and no doubt get it. "Don't you read your updates," she chided him in a real Geordie accent.

Before Simon could ask another question two figures flashed by him. One was a lovely black haired Spanish girl holding onto a man with dark glasses and trimmed black beard. He was dressed in a shiny dark suit; she was dressed likewise. They were both laughing. They looked as if they were heading for a private room upstairs in the hotel to get intimate with each other.

"Best of luck!" cried Anne laughing, as she watched them disappear.

Just then a tall thin model looking woman with blonde hair walked right up to him. She was like the girls he worked beside in the department store in town. Her face was frozen, as if waiting to be photographed. That was until Simon held out his hand and said: "James Bond," and she laughed.

The painted image was thankfully undone by a genuine smile, due to a funny comment. Simon could see that she liked him. He could also tell that she was frightened by the real world outside that window at the far end of the room, and that was the reason for all the make-up she had put on.

Simon was starting to understand young attractive women, and why the acted the way they did. He could tell she worked in the fashion industry, and was very much part of it. Fashion was an extension of all her thoughts, there was no doubt about that. He knew that some models took it further than others.

"What type of woman are you looking for Simon," she asked him in a casual, but polite way.

He could see she was nearly six feet tall; she had on fashionable high-heels shoes, and this made her taller than him. Fortunately, due to her height, she could carry it off. She had style, everything that she had put on had been carefully thought out in advance. Her professional make-up and elegant clothes gave her an unreal and cool look

"A successful combination, style and good looks," Simon thought to himself, as he smiled at her.

There was nothing unusual in that; for many women and men adopted a style after seeing it in a magazine, or on the Internet. However, her image was different; it was hard to trace exactly where it had come from. "I am not really sure, to be honest," he answered.

Simon wanted to keep the conversation going, and to impress her he told her about the department store where he

worked, part-time, in the city centre of Glasgow. He rhymed off some designer names and famous brand names to impress her.

Several more people started disappearing to make love upstairs in the hotel - it was after all the Mating Festival. “Would you like to go to a room with me?” she asked him in an unemotional voice.

Simon did not know what to say. He had brought some contraceptives with him; he knew they were in his jacket pocket. He thought that before he made a decision he had better ask her name.

“Ingrid, I’m from Stockholm,” she replied in a cool tone.

The two English girls were now smiling at him, and he could see they were ready to laugh at the outcome, whatever it was. Simon felt that she was quixotic, and he was not sure how to charm her any further so, he did what he always did when he was in a corner, he cracked a joke: “When I read about the Mating Festival, you know, I had an image of people making love in the one room.”

3

Simon was looking forward to a cup of tea on the flight back home. However, just as the waitress was coming round with her little trolley, the pilot announced that, due to turbulence, no hot drinks would be served. Simon smiled at her and said: "Oh well, I will just have to go for a glass of wine, then."

On the plane home he dreamed for long periods out of the window; he thought about the Mating Festival, and the girl he had met there. She was a strange girl, beautiful, lonely, but not the type to fall in love with. He knew that much about her. Simon wondered if he would see her again. He doubted it. When he got back from his trip, Simon decided he would become a revolutionary. Something on the trip excited him to do this. He would write a blog every day, and post it on the Internet. His first blog would set the tone for his campaign:

There is nothing in the past fifty years that has been produced that is any good, or use to you. It is all worth forgetting about. The old culture is of little use to you today. The old culture is defunct. You have been conned by artists and entrepreneurs, working for corporate companies; their products have not set you free, but have encapsulated you in a commercial world. You have been living inside someone else's dream.

A man like me only comes along once every thousand years; so listen to what I say. My words will set you free; I am the one who will lead you out of the cultural wilderness, and into the new era. Come closer brothers and sisters and listen to my voice; I am the man who has escaped the control of the past, and you can do it too. You can be free like me. All you have to do is open up your lives and live in the present.

If you want to escape the past, all you need to do is: Undo the image, and you will be free. If you have been told something untrue about someone, or something, you can Undo that image in a moment. Yes, freedom is possible if you are brave enough to be free. There is no need to be a slave to the world anymore.

Soon he had many followers on the Internet. Many called him Simon the Zealot: for he was now forthright and fanatical. He did not mind this. Simon, as usual, met his two friends on Monday at midday inside the café bar, on the third floor, where he worked. Everyone now took it for granted that they would meet there on a Monday.

Moro, who was from Malaga, south of Spain, was keen to see how his friend had got on at the Mating Festival. Moro was fascinated by the British, and their way of life. He was very clever in the sense that he knew how not to upset them. He was erudite on most topics. He understood the British system; he

claimed for every benefit under the sun. Moro spoke with a comic English accent, as if playing the part of a foreigner in a Carry On film. People thought him funny.

"Ah, Malaga, it is my home city, you know Simon, and the birthplace of Pablo Picasso,' he proudly told him when they met: "Did you have a good time there, my friend?

"Simon's other friend was very odd indeed. He was fat and unattractive, a computer geek; he dressed like a labourer, and was antisocial most of the time. He had a high-pitched voice. His nickname was Yogurty. This was due to him always eating yogurt. He loved the stuff. Yogurty ate yogurt morning, noon and night, hence the reason for his nickname. His father was from Turkey, and his mother was from Morocco. Why had they settled in Scotland no one knew? They had both passed away a few years ago. Yogurty lived now with his elderly aunt. He too maintained that he was someone, or rather would be someone one day. He thought himself a cyberpunk. He never said what he thought in public though, in case someone would pin it up on a noticeboard online.

Some of the students thought him a computer genius; the teachers, on the other hand, thought him a crackpot. It is fair to say that when he was with Simon and Moro, he relaxed and was at ease in their company. However, at university he was awkward, especially with girls.

When they had all met a few years ago, Simon being the native Scotsman, from Glasgow, showed them around the city: for they did not know it like he did. He knew where all the best clubs and bars were to be found.

Apparently, Moro had been out with Yogurty when he was away at the Mating Festival. They had visited the Vagabond Club, a well known nightclub in town, and there the Spaniard had watched his friend closely. Before he picked up his espresso

coffee cup off the counter, he winked at the young female assistant, then he told Simon: "You know, Yogurty, is a great dancer."

"He is?" said Simon smiling.

The Vagabond Club was a well-known haunt in the city, for students, intellectuals, and dropouts. "You know our friend here, Yogurty, stood at the bar for most of the night and calculated the decibel level. Then halfway through the night he told the DJ to turn down the bass."

Moro reported. "He drank so much lager you know, Simon, he got so drunk he started dancing on the floor on his own, grabbing people, and telling them that he wanted to love them."

Simon laughed and wished that he had been there to see all of this for himself. "Good man, Yogurty. I will make a point of coming next week with you guys."

The expression 'you guys' was Yogurty's favourite saying. He was always saying things like, "You guys, going clubbing? You guys, going for a coffee?"

At times, Moro the foreigner could not believe Yogurty. He had never imagined that he would ever meet someone who could be so antisocial, eccentric, and yet funny. Like everyone else, he could see how unattractive and ungainly Yogurty was in society, and how much of an outcast he had become.

Moro loved meeting girls, of any age and nationality. He was not fussy. He knew what they liked. His mother, who had come over to Europe when she was a teenager, had taught him all about women. Moro was thin faced, attractive and friendly, but he was always trying to pull a fast one on someone. Everyone was fair game for profit, or pleasure, as far as he was concerned.

On the other hand, Yogurty was fat, ungainly; his clothes looked like they were too small for him. Most people looked at him, then looked away. Moro dressed plainly, mainly in dark

colours, for he did not want to standout in the crowd; he knew colour would identify him and inhibit him. He liked to operate from within a friendly atmosphere and environment. He knew there were many rich pickings to be had once you were accepted in society.

Simon was fashionable and witty. Whenever he walked into a room, he stood out. People liked him. Simon was to everyone who knew him the perfect man. He was always smartly dressed. In fact, sometimes he wore his best pinstripe suit to work. He was still suntanned from his last holiday abroad. Simon always had a crowd around him. He was different from his friends

Now, after many years at university, reading books, attending lectures, he wanted to get involved in life more. He wanted to travel and meet different kinds of people. He was well-balanced, and he knew enough about the world to do this. Simon was the kind of person who fitted in wherever he went. He looked straight ahead of him.

However, very few people really knew him. Simon was a revolutionary; his daily blog on the Internet now confirmed this. Strangely enough though those who knew him, and did not read his blog, did not see this in him.

Not to get too involved as to what had really happened in the Vagabond Club, Simon laughed, then he said to Moro: "You two are chalk and cheese, you know."

Yogurty had a passion for changing and reversing things that pleased him: life was not bread and butter, but butter and bread. He loved inventing things too. He was the top gamer at uni, and his computer programs were sought after by students and academics all over the globe. In his spare time, he made some weird and wonderful inventions. His farting machine was by far his funniest invention to date. It was an app for handheld devices. When someone passed him by in the corridor at

university, that he thought haughty or stuck up, he would activate his farting machine. His phone would immediately make a rude noise. It was childlike, but the students loved him for it. Students were up for anything that made them laugh these days; for life on the campus was mundane. Times were hard, there was a recession on - it seemed to have been on forever - and needless to say there were no jobs out there for students to focus on.

Some of the beautiful young women at university, however, feared Yogurty: for if there was one thing Yogurty did not like it was a stuck-up bitch, good-looking and refined. He would take great delight in letting off his farting machine when they passed him by in the corridor, or on the stair.

Moro had read Simon's blog that morning before coming into town. So, when they sat down at their usual table, at the front of the cafe bar, he spoke with genuine excitement in his voice: "I am a great man too, you know, Simon," and with a big grin on his boyish face, he cheekily added, "And Yogurty is my disciple."

Yogurty never let on he heard him. He just looked away. Everyone knew they were close friends, even though they had different interests outside of what they were studying. In fact, all three men felt that they were unique in some kind of way. Life was all about being different for them. This is what may have brought them together. They had all come to the same conclusion that this was a unique time they were living in, even if on the surface it appeared mundane.

Even though he wrote a blog every day now, Simon was still keen to impress his new philosophy onto his friends, when he met the min the café bar: "The past must be forgotten about. You must Undo the image if you want to be free. Everything you have heard, or read, outside of the bible, is tainted and should

be forgotten about; half truths only affect you for a time, before they fade away again into obscurity."

Moro mocked him for saying this: "Come off it, my friend, you cannot be serious."

When Simon said nothing, Moro asked him: "What do you mean? Of course, I read your blog today, but what do you mean, my friend, when you say: Undo the image?"

Yogurty was interested, anyone who knew him could tell that: for he stopped eating his strawberry flavoured yogurt. He sat back in his chair and rubbed his chin.

Moro noticed this, and he stared at him. Then he asked Simon: "Come on my friend, give us an example so that we know what you mean?"

Simon smiled at his friends: "It is true, is it not, that all the information that you have sought from the Internet is stored somewhere, and that other people can access it too?"

"Yes," echoed Yogurty.

"Well, if you choose to forget about what you have typed in, what you have seen, you can Undo the image. It is the same if you have read something in a book, or seen something in a movie."

Yogurty, the computer genius, nodded and agreed: "That's right all the information you have sought on your computer can be looked at by the e-creepers, and a profile can be formed of you."

"Yes, we all know that there are lots of people surveying us from afar," interrupted Moro.

Simon told them: "However, they cannot hold you, even if others wish to remind you about what you have said, or what you have written, or what you have looked at. No manmade image can overpower a human being once you have the knowledge of how to Undo that image."

Even though Moro and Yogurty laughed at their friend, they were interested. Simon paused, before he went on: "I tell you images and data that you have come across will no longer affect you, even if someone else wants to remind you that you have seen them: for once you have the power to Undo the image, they will not affect you. For example, you may have come across a picture of a headless body, or something grotesque like that, or terrible stories about the way people have been killed."

Yogurty interrupted him, he said in a childlike voice: "I mean why should you want to forget about a song you like."

Moro laughed and was quick to add to the fun: "Yes, my friend, what about the Beatles? They are an old classic band, your grandmother, I am sure likes them. I agree with Yogurty, no one can be offended by a nice tune."

Simon smiled to himself: "You don't have to forget the tune, but everything else you can forget about."

"Like what?" cried Moro.

"You must Undo the image associated with the product: for it is tainted. It is not what you think it is. It is in the nature of commercial businesses to do this kind of thing; they want to impress their brand onto you to make a financial profit. The tune, or the aesthetics, they care little for. Take the Beatles song, as soon as you hear it, commercial things are immediately attached to it. However, to fully enjoy the tune you must forget about everything else. You must: Undo the image. You may have heard stories about the band. You may have heard stories about their concerts, or items that have been sold at auction for millions of pounds, and so on. These are of no importance. All those images must be forgotten about, even reports about what the song is about. Life is exciting: for once you have the power to Undo the image, you can do this, and listen to music with new ears. When you are free you will enjoy whatever it is, for what it

is. You see pleasure lies in original thoughts. In its pure form the idea is not tainted by commercial interests - it is what it is - and you can appreciate it for what it is."

"Undo the image," Moro said sarcastically and laughed: "I will need to try it the next time I listen to Strawberry Fields."

"Yes, everything in the past has been tainted; you must free yourself from it, if you want to understand what it is. It could be a piece of music, a painting or something in a book. Whatever it is, you must Undo the image: for only then will you be free to enjoy it."

Yogurty was very impressed with what he had just heard. And for a time they all talked about history, and the events they had read about in books and had seen on television.

Moro openly wondered: "Is the past just fiction, then?"

Yogurty was a cyberpunk, and he had developed software so as not to be detected by the large corporations, who were collecting data about people. He thought he could be free from others by using his software programs. He knew he lived in a covert society where people were watching him. In a strange way, he thought he could Undo the image they had of him by a different means.

Simon, on the other hand, felt no evil. He knew that they were agencies that collected data about you, and that there were agencies that sent your data to others, who in turn would try to influence you as to what you should buy. His philosophy was simple: no image was powerful enough to corrupt you, if you had the power to Undo that image. He touched upon this in an earlier blog:

To escape the control of others you have to stay inside the law of course. You have to protect yourself at your end: take what information you need from an article, video, or whatever it

is that interests you. Remember this slogan: Undo the image, if it's not right.

The three men were similar: they all disliked the restraints placed upon them by the university, and by society in general. They all wanted to do well in their studies, but they all wanted to do their own thing too. They knew it was freedom that set them free. Other students they noticed seemed to be happy with the constraints placed upon them.

4

Simon, sitting there inside the café bar in town, added to his daily blog. He told his friends: "Living life free from others is intoxicating. I am sure you agree, my friends, there is nothing in life like being free."

"But you need money to be free," interrupted Moro, as soon as the topic came up again.

They all had their dreams about what they wanted to do in life. Simon wanted to write books, Yogurty wanted to build computers, and Moro wanted to travel the world and live like an English gentleman.

Moro confirmed this when he told his friends: "When I travel the world, then I will be free."

"How will you do that?" asked Yogurty, "You don't have a job."

"As long as there is a Job centre nearby, I will be OK. Don't you worry about me, my friend. I will get by with a little help

from my friends," he liked to quote the Beatles to Yogurty just to annoy him.

Yogurty growled at him; they were close friends, but you could not tell this by listening to them. Yogurty at that moment got up off his wooden chair in the café bar, and went to the counter to buy himself another carton of yogurt. As usual, as he left he muttered to himself some computer jargon, as if talking to a friend. He was always thinking about new ways to build computers. In fact, he had just finished modifying his robot. When he returned, he said in an excited tone: "Listen, you guys, tomorrow I'm going to bring my robot into the university."

Simon looked across the table at him. His expression said it all: "You will get into trouble, you know, Yogurty, if you do that."

Moro encouraged him: "Good man, Yogurty. Please remind me what her name is again?"

"Sheila," he answered in a soft tone.

Moro laughed at him, then he apologised; for he knew it was a serious matter. "I am only joking, my friend. I will look forward to seeing her."

It was true last year the head, Mr Hardin, banned robots after a student had brought one in. The robot in question that had been reported to him, had sworn and used unseemly language towards the teachers, as well as to the students. The student in question had obviously forgotten to deprogram it before taking it along to the lecture theatre. Sex with computers was a topic never out of the press these days, or on the Internet. Yogurty was interested in this: for women were not interested in him, and he knew it. At night, he was always on the computer talking to the cam girls in Spain and Italy.

Every night into the early hours of the morning he worked on his computer, and made programs for his robot. He had got very good at it too. His latest quirky invention, he told his

friends, was that when someone passed him by on the street he could send a message to their phone, even though he did not know their number. He would usually invite the other person to contact him. Yogurty would say something nice to the person; thereafter he would try to set up a meeting with them. He had great fun with this invention. This along with his farting machine had got him quite a reputation at the university.

Due to his strange character he had been reported on several occasions to the head, Mr Hardin, but nothing had come of it. Yogurty was always boasting to his friends: "When one of those stuck-up bitches walks passed me in the corridor, I love to see her cringe, and hurry away after my farting machine has let one go."

There was no doubt about it, since he had been a boy, Yogurty had been alienated from society. After his parents had passed on Yogurty had gone into his shell. He liked living with his aunt. They stayed together in a small flat in the suburbs. His aunt was housebound these days; she had been a council worker, but after she retired her health had declined. He had to do everything for her now that she was old: go for the messages, send for the chiropodist, buy her underwear, cut her hair; he even had to bath her.

Moro was always making fun of this: "I hope you tell your aunt, Yogurty, what you get up to when you go to the nightclub with us."

He had tried to get the robot to do the dishes, and hoover the carpets, but thus far his programs had failed. It is fair to say that looking after his elderly aunt had made him even more introverted and withdrawn. He looked back fondly now at his schooldays and sometimes spoke about them to his friends.

Yogurty was the first cyberpunk to surface at his school. He gave the head there a lot of bother and worry too. Apparently, at

school he was never far away from smokers' corner, and at night he was always found drinking cans of beer down the lane with the older lads. The small flat where he stayed with his elderly housebound aunt, by all accounts, was like a computer shop: bits of programs lying here and there, old laptops, hard drives, and handheld devices all over the place.

When the social workers turned up at his apartment last week, Yogurty became suspicious and he did not let them in. He was sure that they were trying to get inside to steal his encryption software, that he had just developed. When a social worker saw a robot walking about the hall, he got suspicious and alerted the police. This led to an enquiry, but nothing came of it. Of course, Yogurty hacked their office and destroyed the report

When he went out at night with Simon and Moro, Yogurty sometimes talked about life at home, but most of the time he just talked about his computers, and the programs that he was writing for them. He could be quite funny: "Every night, you know, I have got to download books and movies for my aunt just to keep her sane," he once told Simon. "I know every detective story from *Mademoiselle of Monte Carlo* to the *House of Silk*."

Moro was intrigued by all of this, and he kept asking him questions about his private life, but Yogurty did not give too much away to him. He usually got fed up, and just said to him: "Oh, come on Yogurty. I mean what is private these days."

Yogurty was enjoying his yogurt so much that he did not take the bait. Eventually, Moro went back to asking Simon about his philosophy. In a mocking tone, he said to him: "So, everything that my parents have told me about their generation, and what I have heard about our generation, has to be ignored and forgotten about."

Simon picked up his coffee cup, and with a glowing smile he answered him: "Yes, that's right, Moro, everything that you

have seen on TV, or on the Internet, or heard on the radio, or from people, has to be forgotten about. You must be a new creature: Undo the image, if it's not right."

"Look at that beautiful girl!" cried Moro; I feel like a new man again."

"That is because you have understood how to Undo the image: for when you looked over at her, you were living in the present, and were not overpowered by images of the past."

Yogurty shyly glanced over at her too, then he grinned at his friends. In his usual mundane way, just before he spooned another dollop into his mouth, he said: "Eating yogurt, that's real freedom."

Yogurty obviously wanted to contribute to the discussion: "But what about this generation, Simon, what do you mean when you say we should Undo the image? Should our new computer generation just create, then?"

"That's right, Yogurty, create, then forget, that is the privilege of the artist."

For good measure, Simon looked over at the tall attractive thin sales assistant who had caught Moro's eye. It is fair to say that she stood out from the rest in the café bar: for she was wearing the latest fashion offering from an in-house designer. He could see she was standing waiting for her coffee to be poured by the young temp. The badge on his black shirt told her his employment status. The student's expression also told her that he was in awe of her. She to him was like a model, even though the brushes sticking out in her fancy outfit made it plain that she worked as a makeup artist on the ground floor, inside the department store. It was quite unusual for a sales assistant to be dressed so elegantly, in a black body stocking and high-heel shoes. She was a good advert for her trade. There was a silence

as the three young men surveyed the beautiful young sales assistant.

Moro was first to speak. He looked at Yogurty and said: "She will find you more attractive if she does not understand you: for a woman cannot resist a mysterious man. She will sense the unusual spirit within you, and want to investigate it."

Even though this was said in jest, Yogurty was excited now, and consequently the next spoonful of yogurt missed his mouth. However, he soon went for the second one and got it.

Moro laughed and slowly pushed a napkin across the table to him: "I tell you, my friend, you must treat a woman well, even though you want to make her your slave."

Moro seemed to understand the physical nature of both men and women. On other topics he was not so clear. He was not a revolutionary, he admitted that. Yogurty claimed he was a waster. Simon knew what he was. Moro was an anarchist; he thought all societies were eventually overthrown by violence.

It was no surprise that when he picked up the free morning paper lying on the café table, he noticed there was to be a demonstration in the middle of town today. He reacted right away to the headline. "Yes, my friend sit is good to march. We must join the demonstration, and when they chant 'Open up the markets!' we must join in. We must end the corrupt practices of local authorities. We must support the marchers. I don't give a shit about politicians."

Simon laughed, then he asked him: "Are you really going on this march today, Moro?"

Moro, who had never been on a demonstration in his life, knew that he could not fool Simon the Zealot. "You must understand my friend the Mafia are everywhere in society. They control the politicians; they are inside industry. This is normal in life."

Yogurty thought he would get his tuppence worth in: "Moro you do not believe in anything, not even yourself."

Simon laughed: "Yes, it is good to go on demos, I agree with you Moro, we should all go along and support the workers."

After watching Moro closely to see if there was any reaction to this, Yogurty said to him in a mocking tone: "You should become a politician Moro, then you would be a great man like Simon," and he stared at him.

Every day in life Moro searched for a way to work the system, so that he could benefit from it. He entered every scam under the sun. He claimed for every benefit going. He was only happy when he was working the system. He seemed to be on a run of luck at the moment: for there was money coming in. It must be said that he was very good at it too. He told his friends what scams were worth going for, and what regulations were worth avoiding. When it came to money, and the state, Moro could advise anyone on anything. However, he always ended up saying to them: "Britain is a very good country, you know. I like it here."

Sometimes, he would boast to his friends: "I have got a nice flat. I like my neighbours, and people in general are helpful to me. In my house, I have satellite TV, and if I want a woman for the night I just go out onto the street and get one. Britain is a very good country, you know. I like it here."

Yes, above everything, Moro loved his satellite dish. He was forever boasting about it: "I can watch it anytime I want to. If I want to see a movie, I can watch films from all around the world. It is very interesting you know what they put on these days."

Above all things, he liked football and Formula 1 car racing, and he followed them with cunning zeal; for him it was not something just to talk about, it was more than that. The great European teams to him seemed to represent foreigners living

and working abroad. They could be held up and promoted, especially at times when the natives needed to be brought down.

Moro was so enthusiastic about the beautiful model in the café bar that he stared over at her as if he knew her. She was now picking up her latte coffee from the temporary worker at the counter. Once again it was plain for everyone to see that the worker, as he gave her back her credit card, adored her. Moro adored her too. He suddenly realised that he was being looked at, and he laughed to himself, as he turned away from her. He picked up his small espresso coffee cup. Anyone who knew Moro knew that the espresso, he had not long bought, could last him the whole morning.

After Yogurty had scooped up another spoonful of yogurt, he turned to Moro and drolly said: "You must Undo the image of her, if you want to survive," and he laughed at him.

Simon kept the conversation going by saying, "There is no need to go on demos if you have the power to Undo the image."

This surprised Yogurty, and he asked him: "Are you a pacifist Simon?"

"No, I believe in a just society, but nothing more. The individual must be free to make up his, or her, mind what to do; if people want to be captured by stories in the press, then that is up to them."

Simon was well read on world history. He believed in the main that the reported events had taken place - there was little doubt about that - but he could see that what had been reported was an interpretation of the events. From his blog on his website, he told his followers:

Every story has legs and every storyteller runs in whatever direction the creative spirit leads him.

Of course he knew that the reason for the telling of any story in the first place was to make people aware of the events, but you had to avoid being manipulated by the storytellers; for many had an ulterior motive in mind. Simon had come to the conclusion that the most important thing to do in life was to be free and happy.

History was fine if it did not impinge upon your happiness. If what was being said fitted into your scheme of things, then fine, other than that you had to listen to what was being said, and most of the time you had to Undo the image, and forget about it. What good was history in the afterlife? was the title of his next blog. He knew many things were disputed, and many people had been duped by historical events.

Moro was of a similar mind too, but all he wanted to do was live off the fat of the land. He used the events that were generally accepted in society to his advantage. When accepted facts opened doors for him, he talked them up. When they didn't he enjoyed himself by avoiding saying anything contrary about them. He liked drinking lager, smoking Marlborough cigarettes, meeting young women and having sex with them. Life was all about enjoying yourself no matter what people were saying.

When the tall thin sales assistant passed by their table, Moro piped up: "Simon, what about women, you don't advocate Undoing the image of them too, do you?" and he smiled at her.

Yogurty knew that she had heard him and he stared at Simon, and awaited his answer eagerly. Simon smiled back, but he said nothing.

Moro laughed and added: "You know, before I conquer them; I like to think about them."

Simon thought this good fun. He laughed along with his friends and, as he picked up his coffee cup, he told them: "All

images that are false, and have been doctored by society, must be forgotten about."

The three young men continued to stare at the beautiful student until she sat down at a table with her friend at the far end of the café bar.

"Do you know her?" Moro asked.

Simon informed him: "I believe she is studying philosophy at our university."

"I am sure she is, my friend," laughed Moro: "I tell you I don't think I want to Undo the image of her just yet. It is too good."

5

The café bar was now filling up with shoppers and workers; for it was the main lunch hour in town. The workers came from the department store, and from shops nearby. There was always a good atmosphere at this time of the day in the café bar.

Moro turned back towards Simon and said: "OK my friend, I tell you what will happen in society if everyone follows your advice, there will be a revolution?" and he let out a shriek.

Simon looked at him and his eyes narrowed; for he knew his friend was clever. "Yes, a social revolution, and I hope one that is peaceful, without violence or anarchy. The people around the world if they adopt this new philosophy, Undo the image, will be free to live in peace."

"Great!" sang Moro, "that will suit our friend here, "free yogurt for all the workers."

Moro was never one to say what he felt. He swung from one position to the other quite easily: "Yes, my friend, I can see what you mean. If everybody lives in the present, and the past

has been gotten rid of, it would be very interesting indeed, many problems would just simply disappear."

"What will people do if they can't fight with each other?" wondered Moro, and he smiled, for he had got his point across. "Yes, Britain is a very good country, you know. I like it here."

Simon took out his phone and read out loud his blog, posted on the Undo the image website that morning:

When you are free you can concentrate on real issues: love, marriage, jobs, children, the welfare of others. You can celebrate life. People will be transformed when they see how happy and free you are. Undo the image, if it's not right.

Everyone knew Yogurty was an odd ball; he had some weird and wonderful ideas about life. For whatever reason he could not show his true feelings; they seemed to come out after the events had taken place. Simon was always trying to help him. That is why he read out to them again more thoughts from his Undo the image website:

If you live in the past, or live in the future, the present world will not be real to you.

Moro did not say anything. He was forever teasing Yogurty about this lifestyle and, when Yogurty had finished his carton of yogurt, he tried to annoy him again: "Tell me Yogurty why do you always wear sunglasses - it is not sunny today. Are you a spy?"

Yogurty smiled at Simon, as if telling him what he was going to say. Presently, he imitated Moro's foreign accent: "I tell you my friend, I hide behind sunglasses; for there are many people out there in the world who want to steal my ideas. They

look at me from behind glass. My glasses you see are tinted; they protect me against this."

Simon laughed, then interjected: "Great idea, Yogurty, someone has developed sunglasses that protect you from people who want to steal your thoughts; I will need to get a pair."

Moro was interested in this too, and he said to him: "Give us an example Yogurty, what you mean when you say that many people look at you from behind glass?"

In the same mocking foreign accent, as before, Yogurty added: "It is true, my friend, is it not, that many people look at you from behind car windows, and other types of glass; for example when they are in a house, or in a shop, or on a computer. I find this very interesting indeed, and to protect myself I wear sunglasses. It then becomes a glass to glass relationship. You should try it, my friend, it is very interesting."

Moro was very cunning; he went out of his way not to annoy people when it became serious, and he did not mock him any further: "Yes, I see what you mean."

Moro had only been in Scotland for a few years, but he seemed more at home than many people who had been born in the country. Even though Yogurty had been brought up in Britain, he thought the people strange. Moro, on the other hand, found the habits of the British fascinating, "I like it here, you know, Britain is a very interesting country," he was forever saying this to his friends: "People are nice to me; they are so different, you know, from what I imagined."

It is fair to say that most folks did not understand the class system underlying the new multi-racial culture that had developed in the country. Simon, however, understood it, but he did not like it. He knew that employers would not employ out with their preferred class band. And some women would only marry, or stay with someone, from within the same class band, as

they thought themselves in. What class you were from could usually be detected by the way you spoke and, of course, the company you kept. Then the area you came from, what you did, or did not do, for a living. It was as if there was a secret society operating within the country. However, multiracial Britain, for the majority, could not be worked out.

Simon felt that the British have always been locked together in a class system, and that only foreigners and artists could escape it. From the second you were born you were classified, and only upon death were you released from it. The politicians were always saying otherwise. He reckoned even in the modern computer era there were three categories: working class, middle class, upper class, and people moved accordingly within their own class band. Of course, it was funny when someone stuck out like a sore thumb, like a working class man trying to act like a rich man, or an upper class man trying to act like a working class man. They became unreal and were usually made fun of.

Simon had some important news for his friends: "The head wants to see me today at 3 o'clock; I wonder what he wants."

Moro laughed: "Maybe he has taken a fancy to you."

Simon knew what it was all about, "No, I believe it's about the website: Undo the image, and the book I am going to publish online."

Yogurty for some reason looked sad, he said in a voice that matched his look: "Maybe he wants to talk to you about it, and congratulate you on doing this." Then he added softly, in a genuine tone: "Maybe he wants to find out more about it, Simon."

"Maybe," echoed Simon, "but I doubt it."

The head's office was on the second floor. Simon had been there once before. As he walked up the stairs, he remembered the face of the secretary that he handed a letter to on his first

day at university. As soon as he entered the small reception area, it all came back to him. Ms Gun was her name, Mr Hardin's secretary.

When he entered the small room, however, he could not see her face to confirm he was right: for she was on her knees trying to connect the scanner's USB cable to her laptop. She heard the door open, although she did not turn round to see who it was. Presently, in a sing-song voice she shouted out: "I hope you know how to do this - cause I don't?"

When she eventually did turn round towards the visitor her tone changed though: "Oh, it's you," she said in a dull voice.

Simon could see she had the wrong cable in her hand for connecting the two devices together. "You need a USB cable," he said ready to help her.

"Well, it did not come with one," she said getting slowly up.

He thought the secretary had a very appropriate name to match her appearance. She was a middle-aged woman stuck in the nineteen eighties, even though she dressed in the nonsensical chic fashion of the present day. Due to the fact that it was a small office when she got up she was quite near to him: "What are you doing Simon Taylor putting strange things up on the Internet? Are you a revolutionary?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I am, Ms Gun," replied Simon with a beautiful smile. "I want to set people free."

"Karl Marx, Che Guevara and now Simon the Zealot; I have heard that's what they call you now," she mocked him.

Ms Gun had learned a few things in life about the opposite sex, and how to unsettle them. However, she could see that Simon was someone who could deal with both men and women, and she was wary of him. She tried to avoid his eyes, as she put a folder away in the cupboard that was sticking out beside him.

Simon did not seem concerned; he was standing there just inside the door admiring the tiny workspace she had to work in.

"The appointment was for two pm - not ten past two," she said, as she shut the folder drawer with a bang.

Simon looked at the clock upon the wall, then he smiled at her. "Right, sit down there," said Ms Gun, pointing at the empty chair beside the door.

It was well-known that Mr Hardin was, as they say in the café bars of the university, giving her one on the side. She was certainly fond of him. Ms Gun was still single she had lived with a man at onetime, but he had left her to go and work abroad. Mr Hardin was still married to an ex-teacher.

Mr Hardin's door was ajar and, as soon as he realised that Simon the Zealot had arrived, he came out of his office like an express train. As usual his secretary heard him before she saw him: "Ms Gun please remember, I will need to phone Colin Patterson later today…"

Ms Gun nodded, but said nothing. She sat down and waited for the confrontation to start. She stared at Simon, as if to warn him not to be too clever with her boss. Simon was oblivious to all of this; for he was sending a text on his mobile device to a retailer asking him to check a purchase he had made. He had ordered a book titled *Cyber Wars*, recommended to him by Yogurty, but thus far it had not arrived at his flat.

Mr Hardin, when he saw him sitting there nonchalantly in his office, watched him carefully, as if to glean information that would help him deal with this young revolutionary. Standing over him, he said in a bold tone: "I will get to the point Simon Taylor, we have a good university here: free speech, a relaxed atmosphere. We encourage people to think for themselves. However, your blog Undo the image is upsetting many students, and moreover their parents. It is not something that we can

tolerate here at the university. I have had a look at your site, and if I read you correctly you seem to be saying that everything that has been produced, in the way of art, culture and history, in the past, should be forgotten about, if it does not agree with the sensibilities of the reader, hence the title: Undo the image. Is that right?"

Simon finished his text, sent it, then looked up. With a glowing smile, he replied: "That is correct."

Mr Hardin raised his voice: "How can you dismiss an entire generation - I mean it is laughable. Do you want people to throw everything away that they have read or heard about?"

"Yes," replied Simon, "that's exactly it - you quite simply dismiss it."

"Really."

"Yes, if it's not right. Undo the image."

"Well, let me take one of the most popular bands of all time: the Beatles. Do you want to Undo the image of the Beatles? I mean are you saying that their music should not be listened to anymore? I mean it's incredible."

Simon sat quite still, he thought about his friend Moro: for he was a fan of the band too. He was now enjoying himself: "You must Undo the image if you want to get to the essence of what it is you are investigating, in this case listening to the Beatles. Only after you do that will you be free."‘

Is that so?"

Ms Gun smirked as Mr Hardin looked over at her. She seemed quite pleased so far with what he had said. Mr Hardin was indeed pleased with himself, and he relaxed and sat down on top of her desk.

Simon thought he had better add something to what he had just said: "You see the music does not belong to the artist, or anyone else, for that matter, everything that has been said, and

written beforehand, should be seen as false, and should be forgotten about. Only after you have done this will you be able to enjoy it."

"I have never heard anything like it in my life," laughed Ms Gun, leaning back in her chair. After Mr. Hardin turned round and looked at her, he stood up and put his hands on his waist. He tried to convey a relaxed feeling now as he stretched himself. She could see that he was starting to put on weight; for his shirt was tight on him now.

Ms Gun to hide her inner feelings quickly looked away from him, and pretended to sort out some loose papers on her desk. "Well, I have heard it all now," mocked Mr Hardin.

The informal atmosphere was deceptive and Simon knew it. Mr Hardin was a dangerous man; for he was reckless. In no time at all, he became serious again: "Listen we have students here having meetings about your work, and they are taking you seriously, on your word, when you tell them to Undo the image, and frankly this is causing a major disruption within the campus. And I will not allow it Simon - do you hear me? You will receive a formal warning by letter in the post today, and if you do not toe the line, then you will be out of here. Do I make myself clear?"

Mr Hardin bent forward to get in his face, but he said nothing more. Simon stood up and got ready to go. Just before he left, the head continued in a stern tone: "I believe the local television station want to interview you next month. Well, I would suggest when you meet them that you embrace the past. I suggest you redo the image."

As soon as Mr Hardin had said this he looked behind him in the direction of Miss Gun. He grinned at her, as if he had just scored a victory over the young revolutionary. Then he turned

back and looked at Simon and said: “If you don’t, and the disruption continues, you will find yourself out on the street.”

In the tense silence Ms Gun continued to look through some papers on her desk, and she only looked up once when she heard her boss give a final warning to the student. “End the blogging or else!”

6

Simon's great fascination, of course, was undoing the past, but he was also interested in people in their primeval state. He could not help but be amazed at how happy people were when they were doing simple things like eating and drinking. Most people he could see took these things for granted, but not Simon. He thought they were wonderful. He wondered if eating was religious: for even the heathens, it seemed to him, communed with something beyond them when they were munching away. He watched people closely in café bars and restaurants. They showed happiness towards others, when they were eating, their faces joyful and serene.

He mentioned this to Moro, as they sat in their favourite café bar: "Don't you think people when they are eating worship something beyond them?"

However, it was Yogurty that answered him: "What do you mean?" he pretended to growl, as he looked up from his carton of yogurt.

Moro who had just finished his pasta dish was now looking forward to his coffee, and he ignored the antics of his friend. "Yes, you are right Simon, only tragic people don't look happy when they are eating."

Moro then looked at Yogurty and laughed at him. Simon liked the conversation, and he quickly added: "I believe people look happy when they are eating, and the reason for this is that they know that the nourishment they are taking in is essential for them. I believe, in a strange way, when they are eating a sense of wonder and happiness fills the atmosphere in the room they are in."

Yogurty spooned another dollop of yogurt into his mouth, before he grunted, "Yea, that's right."

"The only other thing that comes close to eating is sex," added Simon laughing.

Moro nodded and agreed "Yes, you are right there my friend, sex and food are very good."

Yogurty stared at Moro waiting for him to say something else, but when he didn't he asked him: "Are you now studying people's sexual habits?"

"Of course," Moro replied with a smile. "It is very important to understand this." Moro sniffed the air as if taking in the atmosphere of the café bar they were in. Then he added. "Yes, of course we all do that my friend."

Beautiful beauticians immaculately dressed and made up to the hilt, sat down near to them, and soon they all had lovely food and drink in front of them. The conversation that followed from the beauticians however was negative; many of the ladies bitched about their colleagues they worked beside. This was not unusual, even the general public did this kind of thing, in the café bar.

As he looked around him, Simon wondered once more about life: “Beautiful food, beautiful people, but where has joy gone.”

Moments later, Moro said in a serious tone. “Enough of this, tell me Simon what happened with the head at the meeting this morning?”

Yogurty, trying to be clever, butted in: “Or have you Undone the image, already.”

Simon looked at him, then he too made a joke of it: “It was a damp experience.”

To get back in Simon’s good books, Yogurty quickly added. “You know, people all over Europe are becoming aware of your philosophy. The head knows you have received many e-mails about this. The e-creepers keep him updated.”

It was well-known there was a secret agent keeping an eye on the foreign students inside the university. The man in question pretended to be a student. Simon had seen him many times, but had not spoken to him. His name was Dawson. He was suspected of working for Mr Hardin. Dawson was very interested in what Yogurty, Moro and Simon were up to. He kept the people he worked for up-to-date by email. The students knew all of this: for Yogurty had hacked him, and had spread the word about him through asocial network site called: Find out who is watching you. He posted: Dawson is an e-creeper.

Dawson was always hanging about in the café bars at the university, and library, trying to find out what was going on. Although, he had a problem going into town to keep an eye on his suspects there in the café bar inside the department store. The spy was apparently from Milton Keynes, Yogurty had reported this to his friends.

One morning, Dawson approached Yogurty in the canteen at the university. Yogurty was waiting for Moro; he was late as

usual. Dawson sat down beside him, put his arm around him, and said in a fatherly tone: "What is Simon up to these days?" and tried to squeeze him.

Yogurty reported this to his friends today, as they sat in their favourite café bar. "I don't trust Dawson; I didn't trust him before I hacked him, so there is no chance of me trusting him now."

It was only now as they sat in their usual seats inside the department store in town that Simon realised that there was an organisation behind the spy, but he made light of it: "Yes, I have heard Dawson is working for the unbelievers."

Moro did not know him, but he too made a joke of it just the same: "Oh, keep clear of him; he is up to no good."

Simon's blog this morning was controversial. He knew that before he uploaded it to the web, via his mobile phone:

We have reached a point in history that it is fair to say that nationhood is finished. Anyone who follows a nation follows a broken dream. Men and women are part of the human race; they have family and friends, beyond this lies the void. Nationhood cannot save an individual, only God can save a human soul. Corruption is rife in society. People should help each other. Family and community are more important than nationhood. Nationhood is the manifestation of the elite; for their needs. Man cannot be saved if he loves his country more than God. You must Undo the image, if it's not right.

Simon would fan the flames of revolution within the online community. He would be forthright and bold. Moments later, he added more to his blog page on the Undo the image website:

All people in society should identify their status; for example if they went to a fee-paying school, or public school. Organisations should see that there is a fair balance, and that both are represented within the workplace. Class should be identified: for we live in a class society. You cannot hold it against a person who has been brought up in a privileged way. They must contribute to society just as an unprivileged person must do. Companies should employ equally from private fee-paying schools, and from non private schools. It is a well established fact that you cannot get a job these days unless you are from a privileged background. This must be brought to an end.

Everyone knew Yogurty was a computer genius. He was logical, yet extreme. This was a strange combination, even for his friends to handle. People who knew him knew that he could hardly keep a normal conversation going for any length of time; for example about the weather, or about his studies at university, but when it came to computers you could not get him to shut up. He would sometimes go into a trance and start speaking in algorithms.

Simon, on the other hand, could parlé about computers, science, religion, as well as mundane topics like the weather, with ease. Most people could do this kind of thing. Yogurty was not streetwise; he was a social outcast in every way.

Simon liked him, and often thought him overweight but kind. Yogurty was always speaking into his mobile-phone instructing his robot to carry out tasks at home, or work on his computer. He had web cams all over his house, so that he could keep an eye on his elderly aunt. He would monitor his aunt throughout the day when he was in the café bar, or at university.

Simon loved new technology too; he was always dictating copy into his mobile device. He now did this for his blog every

day. However, for him it was a means to an end. Yogurty, on the other hand, saw life in those strange devices. Simon as soon as he felt the creative spirit would start dictating into his handheld device.

Yogurty would store his thoughts away, forget about them, then unexpectedly all of a sudden out they would come: "I will need to Switch the network, multi-protocol label switching, and on and on he would go…"

When he arrived back to the normal world around him, he always looked lost and, with no one to talk to about computers, he would retreat once again into his shell. Just then inside the café bar, Simon opened his mobile device and started to dictate more copy for his blog; this would be uploaded within the hour to his website:

Society should not be governed by outdated laws and regulations. The individual should avoid all regulations, and should avoid talking about them. He, or she, should be guided by an inner spirit. This will set him free from all malpractice and false legislators. The human knows intrinsically what is right and wrong. What is good for him, and what is off no importance to him. Man was made to be free; all men are equal when they are free. If the credit is not given to God, but man, then you should Undo the image. Number one rule only accept information that you are sure about. Most things you hear and read about in life are false.

When he finished he saved it, read it back to himself, then closed his mobile device.

"Good for you!" sang his friend Moro, "that's what we like about you, Simon, you are for the individual against society. This is very good, you know."

Simon, as he put away his device, smiled at him, and then in realtime he added: "Most things in life are corrupt. When people understand this they are liberated. Malignant forces are everywhere in society. One should not be afraid of such things; we should live life to the full."

Simon was in the mood now, and he once more brought out his mobile device and spoke into it:

It is not good to see an imbalance between people; one not having enough money, while the other having too much. People who have too much should be asked to join the revolution. They will only become free by sharing what they have; if they refuse to join the revolution, they should be left alone. There is no such thing as an imbalance between men when they are free. There is only an imbalance in society when one is free, and the other is tied to the world. After childhood you are faced with a stark choice: be free, or be controlled.

Brothers and sisters you have to have a philosophy as how to deal with such things in the modern world. Those who are promoting the opposite things from you in life are doing so because they are controlled. I will teach you how to escape the control of the world: for I have been given the knowledge of how to Undo the image, and will pass it on to you.

People who claim the glory have only got themselves to blame. It comes in many forms, the worst is usurpation: for all men are free, but some want to lessen the power of others by using their position in society. Many evildoers do charity work to show society that they are do-gooders. It is important to remember that no one is good in life; the great deceivers have deceived themselves. You will be free of them if you follow my blog. You will escape them if you learn how to Undo the image.

Moro knew that Simon could go on for hours about the individual, and his relationship with the state; he knew that freedom to him was everything. Simon was someone who had become aware at a very young age that society wanted to impose certain restrictions on you, as did many individuals. His first blog touched upon this:

From the day you are born the world will try and take away your individual character from you, and as you grow older people, who are agents of the world, will try and impose restrictions upon you. Very few people escape being controlled, and are in bondage from an early age. Being moulded into society is for the common herd.

Moro liked his opening blog on the web, but he, like many others, was worried where it would lead to. He did not want to become a stranger, or cause any trouble. He knew that would not be good for him. He wanted to fit into society; he wanted to make friends with people, especially girls. He felt that it was important for him not to stand out.

Moro loved making fun of the British, but he did it in a friendly way: "I'm always happy when I am ducking and diving, as you British would say," was one of his favourite sayings.

Yogurty had never been in love with a woman; he was however very much into watching sex online, and had just recently got into cyber sex. Simon was forever telling him to avoid the corporate output of sex: "They will do anything to get your money, Yogurty - that's all they want is your money."

However, Yogurty was starting to meet women online, and thereafter in the flesh; he had had some near encounters, but because of his weird personality sex had not taken place yet. Sometimes he talked about it, but he sulked when sex came up

in the conversation: for he wanted to experience it, and tell his friends all about it. He was fed up listening to them talking about their conquests. Simon had posted a blog on the subject to try and help him, and others, understand what was going on:

Corporate companies are into every kind of oppression; they have even turned sex into a mechanical show for public entertainment. This is so that they can make money. It usually follows a pattern: two people pretend to meet by chance, and are overwhelmed by passion for each other. You will notice the language is always the same - vulgar and commonplace. The sex act should be beautiful and free, loving and kind; remember you cannot make love to someone you hate.

Simon's blog last weak made no impression on Yogurty, so as they sat together in the café bar today he told him straight. "Avoid the e-creepers, for corporate companies have computer programs that check up on you; they will know your sexual habits. You must avoid getting involved with them."

Yogurty of course knew all of this; for he was a computer genius. He just smiled back at his friend.

Moro thought this funny for all the students watched sex films; he sometimes watched them too, but he was more interested in meeting women in bars and on the street. He never went private with them on his computer. Moro was quite relaxed about it all: "I could not care who is checking up on me, and my sexual habits," he boasted, "as long as I can find a woman to satisfy me, I am happy."

Sometimes when there were surfing together at university, Simon would point out to his friends the unreal couple who were doing it for the money, not for the sex. "The worst kind of

corruption is to pretend to make love to someone while making money," he would say to them.

This always made Moro and Yogurty laugh; for they knew Simon did not like the 'corporate suckers' as he called them. Simon mentioned that he had written last week to the head asking him what he did with the fingerprints taken from students inside the café bar. He was very keen to show people in authority that he meant business. It was really no surprise to his friends that he had written to the head about this:

Dear Sir,
In witness of the Chief Constable, I would ask you not to become a collator of fingerprint information. Please note I support the measure to reduce violence in bars by the introduction of new technology, but here I ask you: that the fingerprint information you take from clients, or have already taken from them, entering your establishment be destroyed after 48 hours, or other set time, after consultation with the police. This would eliminate any possibility of fingerprints being stored inside your company, or an agency affiliated to your company, or contractor: therefore any possibility of it falling into rogue hands would also be eliminated. The only people that I can support, as regards the collection of fingerprints, and the storage of them for any lengthy period is the police

It was pointed out to Simon by fellow students that everyone at night had to get their photos taken, and fingerprints recorded, before they were allowed to enter the bar - all this to get a late night drink. Simon wondered where the fingerprints ended up. The bar manager, when questioned by students, claimed that the machine stopped violence inside the club at night. It was true there had been many cases of people getting

drunk and fighting over a girl, or political cause, and the police had been called to eject them.

Simon was not against them taking the personal information from the students. However, he was keen to see that they did not fall into rogue hands. The company that owned the bar had many outlets in the city. Simon knew that corruption was everywhere in society.

Moro was a great authority on this. The head was furious when he read the email sent to him; for he noticed that Simon had copied in the Chief Constable of the city. "Who does he think he is?" he yelled at his secretary Ms Gun. "I will finish him off - don't you worry about that."

The topic of course came up inside the café bar: for Moro had heard what he had done. He laughed when he said to him: "I agree with you, my friend. I mean why do companies keep our fingerprints. We must be careful. If I buy a new computer today my fingerprint is used to open it. I do not want anyone else to be able to access it. I do not want my fingerprints falling into the wrong hands. We do not know who is in charge of some of these companies; it is more than likely that they are connected to the mafia."

Simon imagined Mr Hardin sitting in his office; his face becoming contorted, his eyes peering out above his computer looking for Simon the Zealot.

Yogurty did not seem interested in the conversation; he just stared over at the fridge where the yogurt cartons were stacked. He did not understand students worrying about such things. Yogurty believed that he could hack any computer, and clear his name, if he ever got into trouble with the authorities.

Moro did understand such things, and he was wary of them: "Yes, my friends, you must keep the mafia at bay; they are everywhere in this world," he repeated.

Simon agreed with him: “You are quite right Moro: where there is money, there is corruption.”

Yogurty looked up and smiled. “They are here, in our university?” he said teasing him.

Moro stared at him: “I tell you, my friend, they are in banks, bars, and boutiques, and yes they are here in our university. The mafia are everywhere.”

7

Over coffee an interesting thing came to light: Yogurty had been visiting the local church in the city centre. The church had an afternoon service every Wednesday. It started at 1pm. There were known as a technical church, due to the fact that many university teachers were members, and office bearers there.

Moro, who had been brought up in Spain, was a Roman Catholic, but he rarely went to church. He did not know about the church in the city centre, although he was fascinated when Simon mentioned it to him.

Simon was keen to find out how Yogurty was getting on. "Ah, Protestante," Moro quipped "Is it a good church?"

Simon had in fact been there many years ago with a girl; she was very religious. When he was thinking about her he remembered that every Wednesday before the service a man stood outside the church, on the street with a large placard, inviting people to come inside and join the service. The man had

once told Simon, when he had stopped to chat with him, that he was looking for lost sheep.

When Yogurty ignored the invitation to talk about it, Moro asked him: "So, how was the service yesterday, my friend?"

Yogurty now saw himself as something of a regular attender, and he just smiled at him. When he looked over at Simon, sitting opposite him, he replied in a genuine tone: "Very good. I met a Pentecostal writer there, you know. He is writing a book about John Calvin."

Yogurty knew that Moro was a Roman Catholic, but it did not stop him inviting him to come and join the service next week. "You should come with me next week. I will introduce you to the writer," he said with a huge grin on his round face.

Moro looked worried, but he laughed and said to him: "I may do that, my friend," and he winked at Simon.

Yogurty stared at Moro: "You should come along; you might learn something."

"I'm a Catholic," grunted Moro.

Yogurty in an unusual upbeat tone replied: "That's why you should come along, Undo the image, and get rid of all that superstitious stuff that you have been brought up with."

Simon was impressed with what he was hearing: "Yes, Undo the image, but listen to what the man says."

Yogurty laughed at Moro, and this time some people in the café bar turned round and looked at him. A middle-aged man, who was always on his own in the café bar, just at that moment opened up his morning paper and looked at it. He seemed annoyed. Today he was seated not far from their table. Moro looked over at him, then he read the heading on the front page of his paper: MAN KILLS DOG THEN HIS WIFE.

When no one said anything he muttered diplomatically. "Britain is a very interesting country, you know."

Moro missed Malaga, the bars at night, the beach during the day, and the foreign women who went through the city every month. He tended to blank out the bad Scottish weather by just forgetting about it; he knew he could travel to other countries whenever he wanted to, and enjoy the better weather there. "You know people come from all over the world to my city. Normally, they stay there for a few days before going on to Seville, Granada and Cordova."

He liked talking about his early life in Spain: "As a young man, you know, I found the British girls very interesting; they seemed to me to articulate something beyond my imagination."

Moro spoke English in a comical way, and this endeared him to others, especially people who loved travelling abroad. Turning to look at a young student, who was standing waiting to be served at the café bar behind him, he observed, "She is very good-looking, don't you think; she has an interesting style."

He knew that many people looked down their noses at foreigners, but that did not bother him. Moro was cute; he aped the foreigner living abroad. He made it known that before coming to the UK, he had been seeing a French woman from Nice.

When Yogurty noticed him looking at the girl at the counter, he tried to annoy him: "How is your French tart getting on? Have you heard from her?"

When he heard him say this Moro laughed, as if life had no real meaning: "She wants to see other men and women, what can I do? Some women are like this."

When Simon sympathised with a nod, Moro looked surprised at the sympathy he was now receiving from both his friends. "I do not reply to her emails, anymore. I am keeping her hanging on. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, as you British would say."

Moro never showed his anger to others; he always smiled to himself to overcome any negative feelings. He usually made a joke about whatever it was that was annoying him. Moro was good at playing the fool. He could even ape the philosophy of his friend Simon the Zealot when he wanted to: "I am a great man too who only comes along once every thousand years. I cannot be hamstrung by petty things like women."

Simon had a simple philosophy as to the opposite sex: a woman is a man inside out. He was more respectful and diplomatic about women though than his friends: "Yes, I agree with you Moro. Rule number one when dealing with women, let them chase you," said Simon with a huge smile.

Yogurty didn't understand, and he asked him: "And if they don't."

Simon smiled to himself, before he answered him: "Peace, my friend."

Yogurty did not understand any of this; he knew he needed to change. He needed to be more open with women. He was always quiet when they were around. However, it was well known that as soon as he got drunk, he changed. On the booze, he was like a wild animal. He would force his opinions on others, telling them everything about his weird and wonderful inventions. He would collect e-mails from people, and would contact them when he was sober. When he was drunk women seemed to draw his thoughts out of him. He liked playing the fool, and he opened up his mind to them. It was then that his language would become strange, animated and weird. Most of the time he would talk as if he was talking to a computer. The strange thing was that although he was weird, there was no mystery about him, and this was difficult for people to understand. He was a fool who loved to force his thoughts upon others.

Friends when asked would often say: “Simon is gentle. Moro is clever. Yogurty is a fool.”

Moro was a lecher; he did not hide that. He knew that some women went for this kind of thing. He often said in conversation: “Women are animals, just like men.”

He sensed quickly the loose woman in a crowd, and in his own way would let her know what he wanted her for. He looked at women the way men do at cattle. Some women liked him. He had been with many women, even though he said he had a lover waiting for him in France. He made no bones about it; he was over here to pillage and plunder. It was no wonder some women looked down their noses at him. Moro though thought the odds were: “Not too bad,” he always said this.

Yogurty liked him, although he did not like his attitude towards women, even though they were similar to his. He could see the playfulness in him. And the strange thing, you know, Simon could see that Moro cared for Yogurty, more than he did for his girlfriends he slept with.

Moro had once worked in a fast-food outlet in town; he had got sacked for bad timekeeping. Even though the job did not last long, he always maintained he had enjoyed working there. He had met one or two girls, and had taken them back to his flat. However, he could not understand how bitchy the women were to each other. “My watch let me down,” he often joked.

He still thought it was funny, and at today’s session inside the café bar he brought it up again: “I liked that job, you know. I met people there every day when they came into the restaurant. It was strange though the workers were nice to my face, but I learned that behind my back they were saying bad things about me.” Moro laughed after he had said this: “They were nice to my face, even when they got me sacked.

"Superb," laughed Simon, "how people appear, and what they are really like are usually two different things. Very few people in life are genuine: what you see is not what you invariably get."

"You know what you get when you buy a robot," said Yogurty, before spooning some more yogurt into his mouth.

Moro loved gambling, and he could put on a poker face any time he wanted to. In truth though he did not often do this. Yogurty, on the other hand, could not hide his bizarre thoughts. He transmitted his thoughts to others without really knowing what he was doing. Moro liked him for that; he could see that Yogurty liked people even though they did not like him. Moro for most of the time was fixed on a dream; he wanted to win the lottery, and enjoy life by spending it. He loved spending money; it was his other great passion, apart from sex. "I tell you, my friends, it is the easiest thing in life to do," he told them: "And I love the power it gives you."

When he was in town out would come his gold American Express card, and he would flick it at the teller, as it to show her that he was somebody. Nonchalantly, he did this even when he was buying coffee for his friends inside the café bar. He spent money without causing any animosity, and in that way others could see he was good with money. "I tell you, my friends, there are people in life who are born to serve, and there are people in life who are born to spend."

Moro liked the wild side of life, and this was what attracted him to Simon. Moro's philosophy on money was easy come, easy go; it was easy to understand. Yogurty was careless with money. Simon kept his views hidden about it. Money to him was something to avoid talking about. He felt that it raised difficult questions: for some people had too much, others had too little. He had addressed the topic about money online on his website:

A man like me only comes along once every thousand years; so listen to what I say. Money will always be here.

8

At midday, Simon went along with Yogurty to the church for the Wednesday service. When he got there they sat at the back of the modern building. “They say the greatest sinners sit at the back of the church,” Simon joked, as he sat down beside him.

What Simon found strange about religion in the modern era was the way it was broadcast through an electrical process. He mentioned this to Yogurty: “I wish they would do it without microphones?”

Yogurty was looking around him as if looking for an elephant in the room. He had no doubt saw it there the last time he was in church: “What do you mean?” he said without looking back at him.

When the service started, Simon became fascinated not so much by the preacher’s voice, but by the captured sound. He right away noticed the audio system; it was typical of others he had seen in large auditoriums. He knew it could output signals for people with hearing aids, and other such devices. Simon

understood that the Holy Spirit was a mysterious thing. Did it inhabit electronics independently of human beings?

After the service they went for a coffee in a nearby fast-food place, and chatted about life at the university. When Simon got home that night, after something to eat, he found himself writing a letter to the preacher of the church he had visited that day.

Dear Sir,
I enjoyed the lunchtime service today; my friend from university invited me along to it. My other interest apart from philosophy is music technology. It is regards the latter that I am writing to you about. You speak through a microphone, and the captured sound is amplified all over the church. You will no doubt understand the process. To me, it is fascinating. Is it possible that an audio sound with the Holy Spirit can be captured onto a tape or hard drive, and thereafter people can listen to it time and again? You will know that most phones these days can capture sound and do this kind of thing. The Spirit of God, I believe, cannot be captured: for it is a mysterious thing, and given freely to human beings, although not all accept it, and not all believe it. Can the spirit that is amplified at your service be captured and taken home in a can, as they say in technical jargon? I believe God's spirit is transmitted by word, and goes direct to the human being. The spirit is a mysterious thing; the way it directs us is beyond our understanding. My question to you is this: Do you think that the Spirit of God can be captured inside a machine, and then put onto a tape or disc?

Simon did wonder what the head of the church would make of it after he had popped the letter in the post to him. Simon had no fear of saying what he thought; for life to him

happened somewhere else. Simon believed that his words, and thoughts, drifted beyond man into a universal realm, and there the drama was played out before becoming a reality in the here and now so to speak around him. He loved thinking about life, and all its wonders. He noticed though that talking with others about life invariably led nowhere. It was only occasionally that a wise conversation took place in the world. This was his great insight into life: words usually did not bring happiness. The world filled you up with unimportant things to boost your ego: facts, dreams, and fantasies. He would sometimes tease his friends and say to them: "Don't you think you are where your mind is?" but he could see they did not understand him.

Even though he was a mystic he could be logical too. He loved the mystery of life. The way it was mundane. He could see like others how something intervened in events in time and space, and overwhelmed everything and everyone. Due to the complex world he studied philosophy and, as far as he could, he lived life away from the common herd. Sometimes he would engage people, and he would let them make fun of him: for he had learned not to take life seriously. Some people he noticed used comedy to belittle others, some used it to usurp so-called friends, but Simon saw something peculiar in life that affected human beings, and that thrilled him.

Simon had learned to laugh at himself, and others. It was always some time later, in contemplation, he seemed to understand what was actually going on. There were many evildoers in the world up to no good. They liked to bring things down to the lowest common denominator. You had to see the funny side of what they were doing just to survive life. He did not think that dualism was possible, either it was a mental world, or it was a physical one; he went for the former rather than the latter. He had quoted this often in his daily blog:

Life happens where your mind is. Undo the image, if it's not right.

Simon was worried about his friend Yogurty though: for he could see that he was drinking more now, and going out most nights. Moro, on the other hand, was not overpowered by the world; he took what he thought was his, and moved on. Life to him was all about taking things.

Just then the weather popped up in the conversation at their table in the cafe bar. Moro missed the warm Spanish sun and, sometimes he wanted to go home, "The weather here is crap," he said, trying to sound like a native. But then again sometimes he did not want to go back at all: for he could see rich pickings all around him. More often than not, he would end up saying to his friends: "I like this country, you know. Britain is a very good country."

Simon thought Moro looked sad at times, but he never spoke about what it was that was making him feel this way. He liked the British way of life, the manners, the bars and, of course, the casinos in town. He liked the way young women behaved in the city; he knew how to experiment with them, and he knew how to leave them. "All I need is some money, and I will be your friend," was his favourite joke, when meeting young ladies.

Yogurty was completely different he wanted to experiment with women, but he could not find a way to do so. Everything seemed to be against him. He was not attractive in a physical sense, and he was not fashionable in any way, not even as a computer geek. Yogurty was not someone who had learned how to charm others, yet. He was not a good speaker; he was either

overpowering, or was too quiet. He talked in computer jargon most of the time, and when lost for words he mumbled about the next great invention that was just about to hit the streets. His other passion, however, was on the Muslim problem. He thought them strange, and he often voiced concerns about their religion. He thought they were all going to get together one day and overthrow the world. "They have locked all their women away under Sharia law," he was always saying this when the topic came up inside the café bar.

The problem, of course, was that Yogurty only took on board what he received from the media on the Internet, and these reports of course were always extreme and disconcerting. There was not a day that passed that the media claimed the world was under some kind of threat. These reports affected him badly.

Yogurty to counter them became an extremist. When he saw pictures of people being attacked in the East, he would flare up. Graphic images unbalanced him. Someone sent him a picture of a Muslim terrorist on a scooter holding the head of a prisoner, as he drove through some eastern village. Yogurty sent it to all his friends. He also watched executions on the Internet every day. "Did you see that execution of the man in the Middle East last night," he roared, as they sat inside the café bar today.

Youguty could go on for hours about these kinds of things: terrorists, jihadis, mad Muslim clerics. "They are living next door to you," he would exclaim.

Moro had heard it all before: "Yea, that's right Yogurty they are coming your way. The West is being over run by them." Moro would usually tease him, "You go home at night and the jihadis are there in your house, coming out of your cupboards; they are everywhere, these people."

Even though Yogurty, Moro and Simon laughed at these images, they stayed with Yogurty. At times, Moro could not make him out, and he would just shake his head, and say to him: "Yogurty you are not well. You are unbelievable. You should not let things affect you. You should enjoy your life, my friend."

Moro's mother was a Roman Catholic; his father a Muslim. In response to Yogurty's rant, he added laughing: "I have never met an angry Muslim in my life, certainly not one who wants to overthrow the secular West."

Simon and Moro listened to Yogurty, as he went on at great lengths about this. Now and again, he would bring out his handheld device and show them more video footage on the Internet of shootings and murders. "Look at this - watch his head come off!"

From his conversation, it was plain to see that Yogurty had not fully embraced the church in town yet. He had come across a few odd balls, like himself, and he was now a regular attender. Apparently, they all had the same opinion on different topics, and he felt at home there. Simon was worried about Yogurty; for if the head, Mr Hardin, got to know that he was backing his revolution, Undo the image, he knew he would become a target for the e-creepers.

9

The e-creepers, who worked for the establishment, were involved in all aspects of peoples' lives. The university expected students to bow down to the image, and proclaim that knowledge was absolute in this world. They put pressure on anyone who did not conform. Just the other day the head had written a text to Ms Gun, after he had read the report on Yogurty: “I am going to call that cyberpunk into my office and have a word with him. He looks like a screwball to me.”

Ms Gun knew the name as soon as she heard it: for someone had complained just recently about his farting machine. However, she did not want to annoy the head, and she answered his text diplomatically: “It is a very strange name, don’t you think?”

Yogurty was not strong. Simon knew that he would breakdown if any pressure was put on him; he was easy meat for anyone in authority. Everyone knew that Mr Hardin had just taken a course recently on how to deal with problem students.

He was no doubt eager to put the new techniques he had acquired into practise.

A strange thing happened a month later, sitting in the same seats in the café bar in town, Yogurty told them that he had converted and had become a Hare Krishna. The sect apparently had a flat in Sauchiehall Street. Moro roared with laughter. Simon smiled, but did not say anything.

Yogurty seemed impressed with himself; he even chanted some religious doctrine to his friends: "Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare, Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare…"

"What are you up to Yogurty? This is too much!" cried Moro

It came to light that Dawson, the spy, had lured Yogurty to the meeting there. He was always trying to get information out of him. The spy's main interest was of course to find out what Simon the Zealot was up to. Due to the fact that they all now used Hushmail accounts, the spy could not access their accounts online. Apparently, the followers at the meeting viewed Yogurty with great interest. At the religious meeting, Dawson had made sure he sat beside someone who was, as they say, 'tech-savvy' and it was no surprise that they got on like a house on fire.

Simon sensed that there was more to this meeting than met the eye. "The man you met at the meeting, where was he from?" he inquired.

Yogurty had a strange look on his face, as if someone had just asked him for his identity card. Simon sensed something behind these friendly visits to the religious centre. When Yogurty told them that he was going over to India on a visit, with his friends from the centre, it became even more unbelievable.

Later when he was not at the table inside the café bar, Moro said to Simon: "What is happening Simon? What is Yogurty up to? Why is he gone native?"

Simon had of course thought about this, but he had no real answer to give his friend.

"How can we Undo the religious image? and get him back into computers?" wondered Moro.

The next morning at university, Simon needed to use a desktop computer; he walked up to the third floor of the university, to where they were situated. When he was at the top of the stairs, he overheard a voice saying to someone: "After we get rid of the madman, there will be no problem. The group will soon break up…"

Simon paused, he sensed there was someone on the stair using a mobile phone. At first he did not know who it was. He waited for the call to end, and the person to move away. When he came into view, Simon could see he was standing leaning up against the wall on the far side of the landing using his mobile phone. Luckily, the caller did not use the stair; he went back into the computer section. When he got to the landing, Simon saw who it was; it was Dawson the e-creeper. Simon recognised him even from the back, as he pushed the glass door open.

It was at that moment, he suddenly realised that the e-creepers were onto Yogurty. They were now targeting the weakest member of his group. A report on the Internet, on a site called Student News, maintained that universities these days were full of spies, and strange foreign agents, working for alien governments. In truth, the e-creepers worked for anyone. Many were harmless, but some of them were dangerous.

Every one said that Dawson was a strange character. He had no real friends; although he told people otherwise. He dressed most days like a soldier, in camouflage trousers and an

army shirt. He was tall, and slightly overweight. He walked with a little swagger. He loved buttonholing people on the street about religion, and local and national issues. Someone said Dawson had got into trouble many years ago. He was a member of no party, yet an authority on just about everything. He saw his role in life as stirring things up. Dawson had no core beliefs: they changed daily according to what he read in the paper, or heard on the radio, or television. Wise people avoided him: for he wasted their time, they all said the same thing about him: "No end product."

Few could see though that he was a spy, and was being paid to report on students. He was a mystery to everyone who met him; he studied computer programming, and on that pretext had gotten to know Yogurty. Everyone knew Yogurty was an expert in this field. Due to the fact that he was on the go every day, walking through the library at university, Dawson had knowledge of what was going on.

Simon often wondered if he ever ran out of things to talk about. The great topic of the day for him now was the Muslim brotherhood in the West. He could go on for hours about this. That was why Yogurty spoke with him, even though he knew he was an e-creeper after hacking him. The e-creepers tactics were to discredit the work of any individual, for they were paid to do this. This was the way to stop other people taking them seriously.

However, when a person like Simon the Zealot claimed no personal credit for what he did; this gave his enemies a problem. Simon was certainly no modern day celebrity.

In his office on the fourth-floor Mr Hardin was beginning to get very angry indeed. He turned to his secretary, who had just put on the kettle, and shouted: "I am going to make sure that our students learn as best they can when they are here! We are not going to allow these revolutionaries to overthrow our

traditions by a slogan: Undo the image, cyberpunks or whatever they call them.

Ms Gun filled his cup with coffee and, as she poured the hot water in to it, she quietly said to him: "Yes."

Mr Hardin went on: "Undoing images, old or new, is not what we do here. The students study and learn when they are here, and when they leave they are ready to take up their positions in society."

Ms Gun, who was just about to hand him a cup of hot coffee, stopped. She found herself staring at him. She knew that it was no use engaging him in a discussion at such times. She said in a subservient tone: "I agree with you. You are quite right. This is a good university. We have an excellent reputation."

The head looked up at her, then he took his cup: "Yes, that's right. We can't have a revolution here, can we? he said plaintively. "

The two lovers laughed, as they stood there in the office with their hot drinks in their hands, and not long after this they started planning where to meet outside the office for extracurricular activities.

"I have a space in my diary for next Saturday."

Ms Gun smiled at him: "That's funny, so do I."

The head knew that a television company was due in on Tuesday to interview Simon the Zealot. He hoped that it would go badly for him. He reckoned it was a win-win situation for the university: for if it did not go badly then he would pull a few strings and get the programme shelved.

"Ms Gun can you phone everyone, and tell them to come here first before they start filming," he said before he headed back into his office. Turning round he gave her a sly wink: "I will be here that day to see everything runs smoothly."

***

The Mad Wincher was someone who went to the Vagabond Club. He had the appearance of an ordinary lad. He was tall, plainly dressed, and as the night wore on, like others, he became tipsy. He appeared unthreatening to the women he met, but this was just a cover. His name should have told you everything you wanted to know about him. He was relatively new on the scene.

In the time he had been clubbing he had hatched a plan how to seduce young females in the night-clubs and bars he visited. His victims were the young, and the not so young. Experience told him when to make his move. The night would be going along quite nicely, there would be light conversation, laughter, alcoholic drinks, and dancing. He would join in the fun, though he did not dance. The Mad Wincher would make up funny stories, and make fun of himself, and his friend whom he was always with. He was very deceptive.

The Mad Wincher out of the corner of his eye watched all the young ladies beside him, and when the time was right he would be on to one. Some were so shaken that they would flee the club, but the ones who had enough drink would usually laugh and push him off.

That night Simon and Moro and Yogurty were sitting in the smoking area of the Vagabond Club. The three men liked to got here to talk and smoke. Just before midnight the Mad Wincher came in with his friend. He came into the open air section, as the law demanded, so that his friend could have a smoke. Although, the Mad Wincher did not smoke, he knew that sometimes you could meet interesting people in this al fresco area. More often than not bawdy fellows would come through this way looking for women.

"How long do you think it will be till the Mad Wincher is on to her?" Simon asked Yogurty.

"I would say in the middle of the next song."

The three men laughed, waited and watched. The Mad Wincher was standing not faraway from them with his friend, a young black man. Even in the dark it was plain to see that The Mad Wincher's face was already red from drinking. However, the sleepy look in his eyes betrayed his inner motive.

Just then the song changed to a popular hit: *Ain't Nobody*, an old pop song, and the three men waited for him to make his move. Yogurty was not far wrong; for it was just towards the end of the song that the Mad Wincher went for his prey. The young lady, who had been talking to him, looked away from everyone, out towards the dance floor, where people were starting to congregate. She of course, like many others before, thought the man beside her was harmless. Unfortunately, that was a mistake: for her guard was down. In no time at all, the Mad Wincher was onto her. Everyone laughed.

The Vagabond Club attracted all sorts. About an hour later two middle-aged disco ladies came into the club. Simon knew the blond; for she owned a hair dressing salon in the city. She came into the department store from time to time. Her friend, he did not know. He could see that she was a dark-haired bruiser. Consequently, she made a comment about his jumper as she sat down near him. "You dress like Val Doonican."

After they got chatting Simon laughed, for the very same woman said to Yogurty, after hearing that he lived with his aunt: "You look like Anthony Perkins, in the movie Psycho."

When Moro tried it on with her, she told him that she was looking for someone, not unlike the actor Richard Gere. "I am not interested in boys," she chided him.

Simon thought he would try out his new philosophy on her: "Oh, you are a lovely lady, but I can see you are in need of some help, my dear. Let me explain, you are living in a distorted reality. Your reference to me was made after watching a television programme. Your reference to my friend here, Yogurty, was made after watching a movie. And you repelled Moro's advances by telling him you are only interested in a film star. It is clear to me that your influences are false, and are in fact not relevant in your natural surroundings. The only way to get out of this problem, I would suggest, is to go to the following website, and there you will get some help on how to: Undo the image," and he handed her his website card.

***

Simon maintained that he could Undo any false image inside his head, or the head of another. The next day as he sat with his friends in their favourite café bar in town, he wrote the following heading for his website:

Don't read my blog unless you want to be free!

This type of attitude annoyed the establishment no end. He would say this kind of thing to students online when they wrote to him. People from all over the world were now getting to know all about him, and his philosophy. Emails were sent to him from all sorts of people who were interested on how to Undo the image. A letter had even been sent to his flat from an anonymous admirer.

10

When the television crew arrived that day, they went straight to Mr.Hardin's office. The journalist's name was Trevor, and the cameraman was called Dave. Simon was asked by Ms Gun if he could wait outside the office until Mr Hardin spoke to them. He saw the men arriving. The two men were about Simon's age.

It was obvious to him that they were friends, and rivals: "This is no doubt a natural relationship for men working in the media," he surmised.

Simon was kept outside until Mr Hardin was finished with them. The journalist was small and slight, and had an appearance of a weakling, but this was deceptive; for he had a cunning brain. His intellect no doubt had been sharpened by the many stories, and features, he had written for his employers. The cameraman was different. He was of a reasonable build and height, well-balanced, and unlike the journalist, he was not loquacious, but only spoke when he was spoken to.

When Mr. Hardin spoke to them he sensed that they were uneasy with him, so the head changed tack quickly, and cracked a joke: "Now, I believe you are here to interview the man who wants to Undo the image."

That may have been quite funny, but it was the way he said it that was odd. His voice was tense and strained, and consequently no one laughed.

"Right, I will summon him here for you." And by the way of a nod of his head, he requested his secretary to fetch the man they wanted to interview: "Bring in Simon the Zealot, will you, Ms Gun."

Ms Gun was standing behind the men from the media: for she had not left the room, after showing them in: "Show him in my dear," Mr. Hardin repeated.

The media men laughed now; for they sensed that the head was trying to be cool and trendy with them. They were trained to play along to get the most out of clients.

"Simon, the gentlemen of the press I believe wish to film you in the library this morning."

When Simon entered the room no one said anything, and he introduced himself. Trevor the journalist after shaking hands with him wanted to get on with things right away, he replied "Yes, we thought we should conduct the interview in your natural surroundings, in the library and places like that," he said turning to the cameraman and nodding. "Isn't that right Dave?"

The cameraman nodded back, then to look busy he turned and adjusted a setting on his video camera: "Yes, the light is not so good outside today."

The journalist turned to the cameraman again, and for a moment just stared at him. It was plain to see they were both happy with this, and were eager to get on with the interview. The head as he looked at them said: "Fine with me, you know what

you are doing." When no one said anything else, he added: "I will pop down later and see how things are going. "Good luck chaps," then he disappeared back into his office.

Simon put on his good suit for the interview. He always dressed for the occasion. He knew that if he was natural he would be able to get his new philosophy across: Undo the image.

Ms Gun who was sitting at her computer smiled at him before he left the office, as if knowing that this interview, like the subject, was going nowhere.

Soon they were standing by the window in the library that overlooked the city. Trevor the journalist switched on his mobile phone, and pressed the voice icon app, and the familiar picture of a microphone with a red button appeared on his device.

"Simon what do you mean by Undo the image, can you explain this?"

"Well, the image must come from somewhere, no one can argue with that? If we take the past, and all the images imposed on us by society, from television, the Internet, the media, and from people we know, and from people we don't know, we find that the majority of them have nothing to do with us at all. They affect us even though they are only fragments, part of a story that may or not have happened, somewhere beyond our natural surroundings. My search is for the truth in life. I am no different from other people. I don't want to have anything to do with false images. So the idea is that when you feel an image is not for you, what you do is: Undo the image. Practise makes perfect of course; in time you will become an expert in getting rid of false images."

"This is so strange to understand, can you give us an example?"

Simon smiled and said: "Yes, take music, for example, a famous group like the Beatles, before, or after, you hear a song

by them you will be bombarded with images from all sorts of places. You will be told what the song is about, and what the meaning is behind the music. However, no matter how authentic these sources are - they may in fact come from the band, or from the person who wrote the song, or someone from the record company - they should not affect you in any sense. They should have no bearing upon you at all. You will only understand the song by listening to it; the images are therefore yours to play about with. You may wish to find things out after you have heard the song, but never before it. If you believe something before you have heard it, then you will not be able to understand it fully. It is only possible to fully understand an aesthetic idea if it is fresh and untainted."

"So when a song is played on the radio, and the listener hears it, the song should be enjoyed on its own, and whatever people have said about it beforehand should be forgotten about."

"Yes, that's right, your own independent thoughts will reveal everything about it to you, and from your imagination will flow images, and from those images the essence of the product will be revealed. If you manage to Undo a false image before hearing, or seeing, the idea, then you will not be misled by it. You will be able to enjoy the image, and possibly understand what it saying to you."

"Why would you want to do that?"

"So that you can get rid of what others want you to think. You will find that in the main commercial interests are behind this. False information is always given out to promote and make their products successful. That is why radio stations have banned all non corporate music from the airwaves: for they want to control, not just popular music, but the images attached to these products. The revolution that I am putting forward is due to the fact that you cannot escape false images in society, therefore you

have to Undo them. The one thing you should be aware of is that if the artist does not give God the credit, then he should be instantly forgotten about, no matter if you like the product or not. You can enjoy the product, and forget the artist. In fact, it is taken for granted that corporations will use tactics to manipulate you into buying their products; the consumer knows this. Some people try and tell you that you cannot escape it: for news is everywhere, but what you can do is Undo the image. My teachings will give people the ability to do this; they will be able to Undo any untrue image, be it news, music or art."

"This is not just about music, or news, though is it?"

"No, its not, anything you find that is not right should be given the same treatment: Undo the image. Namely, if an item does not affect you directly: for example the company you work for, or someone you know, you should ask yourself do I really need to hear this."

"And where will this lead the human race if everyone is going about undoing images, as you suggest?"

"Into the wonderful world of the present, and from that point you can celebrate life with others around you. The bomb that went off outside the mosque in Islamabad, may be true or untrue, but what is that to you if you don't want to hear it: Undo the image, if it's not right."

The interview went quite well, and everyone seemed happy with it, everyone that is except the head; he had been listening in. He was furious it had not turned out the way he wanted. Throughout the interview Mr Hardin stood behind the cameraman. When the interview finished he knew he would have to do something about it. "Why did the journalist not take him to task," he kept saying to himself.

Ms Gun, when he returned to the office, could see that he was furious. Mr Hardin wanted Simon to be tripped up and his

philosophy, Undo the Image, ridiculed. “He should have been made out to be eccentric,” was how he put it to Ms Gun.

However, it did not turn out that way. Mr Hardin later that afternoon got on the phone to the head of the production company. Simon was not someone in pursuit of fame, or fortune, and he came across that way. The journalist and the cameraman were happy with what they had got. The copy they thought would make an interesting programme.

No matter how Mr Hardin put it to BC corporation it did not seem genuine, and he got nowhere with the editor. However, the head knew the Director General from public school, and with one phone call later that afternoon, he saw to it that the programme Undo the image was shelved. The e-creepers who contacted the head on a weekly basis had reported to him what the students were saying. The authorities were not happy about what was happening. The head knew that he had contacts in the police, and he was just the boy to use them.

When he phoned the Director General of the TV corporation, he told him straight: “I have to tell you that Simon the Zealot, and a few others are stirring up the young, and making them believe that they control their futures by Undoing images. They are going to be expelled from this university. It is a crime against the state what they are doing.”

It was generally accepted in the modern era that the state was controlled not by parliament, but by rich media barons who ran television networks, at least that was what the educated masses thought. Mr Hardin with one phone call had indeed managed to get the programme shelved. Simon sensed this would happen. He prepared himself for it. It was strange for the next day some of the media people from the television centre came into the café bar in town.

Yogurty spotted them. He could be very funny, just like a child, "Oh look, the lovies are here!" and he made a horrible sound. "I think I'm going to be sick." When he had stopped laughing, Yogurty said in a serious voice to Simon: "The head has put the kibosh on your programme, you know."

Moro right away asked him: "How do you know that?"

"I hacked his email last night, and he is going to expel all of us."

"Simon laughed: "Is he now."

It was of little importance to him who controlled the masses, if he was expelled or not. Simon was interested in freeing people he met from whoever, or whatever, controlled them. He knew he had been given a simple philosophy to do this: Undo the image. He would offer it to the people. He followed the Christian maxim: *Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you*: Mt 7

His revolution was in the present. He could do it from the street, from a computer terminal, Internet cafe, or mobile phone. He knew that word would soon get round, and that it would bring about asocial revolution. Simon knew that the Undo the image website would spread the word throughout the Internet community in no time at all.

It was true Mr Hardin was not content with having stopped their release of the television programme; the head now wanted to expel the man people referred to as Simon the Zealot. "I want him out of the university, and this letter here will do it!" he said in an up beat tone to Ms Gun, as he came bombing out of his office.

The programme titled Undo the image was not to be broadcast; for the director general later that day told the producer that the police had spoken to him about it. The digital film was filed away never to see the light of day again.

The students kept on asking Simon about it: “When will it be shown?” but no one knew.

“No idea,” he just said to them.

Such was the interest in the programme that Simon decided to do a short film, and upload it onto the web with the same content that took place in the interview: for he too had taped it.

Wherever he went in the university the head took great pleasure in hinting that it was not worthy of broadcast: “I believe, on reflection, they are not going to show it,” he told a group of students who enquired in the corridor.

Simon knew where his audience lay. In any event, he knew that new material was not used by the broadcasting authorities. Once you got on television, or the radio, the revolution was over: for nothing revolutionary was ever broadcast by the authorities. It was taken for granted that the media controlled the events that had been reported to them. And thereafter, they made out that there was nothing you could do about it. You just had to accept it.

The germ of the revolution, Undo the image, can only be active outside the establishment.

This was posted on the Internet by Simon the Zealot, along with a press release about the interview from the café bar, an hour after Yogurty had told him what Mr Hardin was up to. It was not long until his followers at the university, and around the world, noticed that his blog was focusing more on the media now.

You must be aware of the corporate element in the media that wants to stamp an image on your mind. Undo this image,

and you will be free. Once you have understood the philosophy of how to Undo the image you can have great fun with it. You can take on the media every day, and you will not be affected by them. You will be able to watch programmes about death and despair, all day long, and they will not affect you. You will be free. You can read terrible stories in the press, and you will be able to dismiss them.

In time you will learn how to Undo the image: for you will do this automatically without thinking about it. When you have understood how to regulate images, you will live in the present. You will marvel at the beauty of the world around you. You will marvel at the beauty of creation. You will marvel at the beauty of a woman as she walks to work. You will marvel at the flight of a bird in the sky. In front of your eyes, life will come alive for you, and from every angle new vistas will appear. You will start to live in the present world again, and moreover you will be free to do so.

When you live in the present you are free from external control of others. You can have fun with everything that has happened in the past, if you learn how to Undo the Image. History is only relevant to you if you live in the present: for the future, and the past, are only sensed in the here and now.

Simon's blog was attracting a lot of attention. He got a lot of hits every day now. When people found out that he was going to be expelled the number of hits quadrupled. People all over the world were keen to explore this new idea with him on how to escape the modern world. Undo the image, if it's not right. Simon also advocated social change whenever he got the chance:

People should be aware of the great differences between what people have, and have not. Everyone should have the chance to work, to have a home, food and shelter.

Simon was nonplussed that the head had got the director general to shelve the documentary. He knew how they operated. They were great guys who worked for the BC corporation; they were all public schoolboys, and many families were involved in the running of that organisation. This was the norm for corporate companies in the modern world. Simon was glad he had not been born into money and sent to a public school. He knew that all the main players came from public schools; they all knew each other. Most of them were held by money, and the status it gave you in society. Most people he knew ignored the class system, but if they could access information online about incomes, there would surely be a change in society; for the difference was great. Some people were upset about this, especially when Simon started posting blogs about the future of Scottish football.

Football is in the doldrums due to obscene capitalism; for where there is money, there is greed and where there is greed, there is corruption. It has not always been so in sport: for in the beginning clubs were run by people who were attached to the community. This was as an essential part of society back then.

The founders saw in sport, recreation. There was much to be enjoyed in a game where 22 men chased after a round ball around a green park. However, now that one of the big clubs has been found to have had owners who have not run it properly it has shown up the present culture: for what it is. They appear to be greedy capitalists, not people for sport or for the community,

but rather people who want prestige and money. The people have been let down badly.

The media for a long time have been talking and thinking in terms of money. In fact, they write in this manner: Millions await the champions. With the focus always on money the people have been brought down low to think the same. Corrupt capitalism has infiltrated peoples' lives. You must Undo the image of corrupt capitalism if you want to be free. If you hear people attaching money to a man's name, due to the fact he is a great player, you should laugh out loud.

Money cannot enhance a human being; humans are beautiful when money is not an issue between them. In fact, when money does rear its ugly head it should always be mocked. When money and humans are talked about in the same breath it should be seen as something terrible. In fact, you should hold your nose; for there will be a bad smell about the place. All sport should be amateur and without corporate influence.

They were all once again sitting at their usual table inside their favourite café bar. Moro laughed when he read the latest blog on the Internet, on his phone, posted by Simon the Zealot. But he felt annoyed too: "Your are not serious, my friend."

Simon reacted quickly: "Yes, I am. You must Undo the image of money: for it is just an illusion."

Yogurty admired Simon, not because he never slagged him the way Moro did, but because there was something genuine in what he said. His words were well thought out in advance. And to annoy Moro, he said to him: "I agree with Simon."

So, as they sat together inside their favourite café bar Simon added to his online thoughts: "Sport and money do not mix; for

to play sport in the right manner you must forget about money. People who play for money are mercenaries tied to the coin."

Moro thought he would be clever and catch Simon out: "But money, my friend, is just numbers."

Simon answered him back right away: "Oh, it is more than that Moro - it must be to create such flights of fancy. That is why I proposed on the web today that all sport should be amateur. The athletes should be given enough to live on, but there should be a maximum amount set, around the national average wage, for them to receive. And when they come to retire he, or she, can go to the employment agencies, and find work there just like everyone else. Some people maintain that sports people cannot work after they leave their sport - this is nonsense."

Simon left his best for last: "As to the press, agents, and commentators, they have got into such a state that they cannot think for themselves any longer as individuals - all they do is backslap each other. I have written a blog about this too. In fact, I will read it to you from my hand held device."

I propose that members of the general public be brought into television studios so that they can give an independent view of what is happening. Most, if not all, programmes today are tainted by commercial interests. The corporations want to worry the public at the same time as promote their own interests. All televised sport should be brought to an end; the sports clubs can film their own games, and upload them to the Internet if they wish. The technology is certainly available for them to do this. This would end obscene capitalism, and exclude people who want to control sport for the love of money. People who have not the community at heart would soon drift away. Official bodies should be notified of the changes, and if they do not accept this, then the associations should withdraw from them, seeing them as

instruments and agents for large corporations. Sport is for the people, not for the money men and women in the city, should be chanted from the terraces up and down the country.

Simon knew he had a huge following on the Internet. Many people followed him every day, especially the media. Professional people were outraged though by what he wrote, and mystified as to how he had managed to capture the public's imagination. He seemed to write weird things that they liked. Many people agreed with him; for many people were fed up with the shenanigans of the capitalist system. They wanted to explore new ways, as to how to live their lives, free from the constraints of obscene corporate greed, and surveillance.

Simon looked forward to writing his blog every day. He got up early and, after breakfast, he started writing down ideas for it. He usually voiced them into his handheld computer, then revised them later, before uploading them. He was not part of the online world. He felt that what brought people together on the Internet was interesting, but few people had genuine feelings towards others; they were usually false and undone by events in time and space. However, what brought people together, outside of the family, was to him fascinating. People were forever being taken in by worldly images and human traits.

11

Yogurty had the Undo the image website in his favourites on his computer. He thought Simon was just like a hacker; he seemed to breeze through a crisis. Yogurty had told everyone at university that he was going to become a blogger, just like Simon the Zealot: for he too was a revolutionary. You will soon see my name every day in the forums. Everyone who knew him held their breath and waited to see what he would say online. They did not have long to wait to find out.

Yogurty's blog was all about freedom, although in his case, it was very peculiar. He advocated nudity, and humans to act like dogs to be able to defecate anywhere they liked. He proposed that, like dog owners, people could put the faeces in poo bags, and then the bag in a bin. This was just the kind of stuff to get everyone laughing. What he said went through the university like wildfire. The students loved this kind of nonsense. It soon brought Yogurty to celebrity status.

Students at university would point him out when he passed them by on the stair: “That’s the guy who wants you to act like a dog.” Someone wrote to him asking him if humans should do it on the street like dogs. Yogurty wrote back to him: “Yes, students should make love anywhere they want to, even in the corridors of the university. They should do it on the street, at bus stops, inside café bars, and on public transport.”

Things were getting difficult at home for him; his aunt was losing her sight and her hearing. She now inhabited other worlds. The flat by all accounts was in a real state. Moro thought he too was losing his mind.

Simon was more generous and sympathetic. “He is experimenting with ideas,” he told Moro. It was not long till they heard that the old lady had passed away. Yogurty did not come into town anymore to meet them.

***

Simon met Karen about a year ago. He liked her; she was a plain girl who worked part-time in a baker’s shop in town. His friends thought her common, but Simon saw something in her. She was kind to him, and at times funny. Simon was very experimental. He asked Karen to dress up for him at the weekends when they met in his flat. He always met her in town on a Saturday - her day off - and they spent some time together. “What do you want me to wear this weekend?” she asked him, when he popped in to buy a fruit scone during the week.

Fortunately the shop was quite quiet, and no one heard her say this. He liked the funny look on her face when she was annoyed, or angry; it was very charming. Private parties were all the rage these days. Most of his friends asked their girlfriends to dress up as nurses, some even as shop assistants, such were the

times they were living in. You had to pretend about life, if you wanted to enjoy it. If you did not step outside yourself you would surely become a bore. You had to avoid being dull in 2013. It was the fashion to pretend you were extending yourself outside your comfort zone. Well, that's what all the young things were saying these days, and most young people duly attempted to do this: dress up and have fun.

Simon was different though, although he loved the theatre of modern life, he was more interested in the language of the day: for language told him everything about life. Hence the blog he wrote under the heading: Undo the image. The reason he asked Karen to dress up was to try to develop her understanding of role playing in society; for playacting was good, it took away the boredom of daily life, and it helped you to think about things differently. He knew that she was very sexy in the latest gear he bought her. No one could imagine the transformation from bakery girl to sex goddess. And yet when she made love to him she told him that it was her duty to do so. This he found irresistible.

Still wondering if he wanted her to hire a nurse's uniform, or something like that, she stared at him and said: "Well?"

Simon also got her to buy clothes for him; for he knew she liked visiting the department store in town where he worked. He had bought her some new lingerie, and hoped that this would excite her. Simon had noticed that Karen was very particular about how she placed her clothes when she got undressed; he was always naked first, standing beside her waiting to enter her, and make love to her.

They had a nice meal that afternoon in town, and then they went back to his apartment. There was only one problem: some workmen whistled at her as they entered the main door of his

flat. The men were working across the road, fixing some scaffolding to the adjoining building.

Karen did not like this. It was OK for men to whistle at her when she was on her own, or with her girlfriends, but not with Simon Taylor, the man who people followed on the Internet. Simon noticed this, and how she scowled at them as she pushed the entrance door open to his apartment.

When the phone rang on Sunday morning, he knew something was up; for no one ever phoned him at this time in the morning. As he picked up his mobile phone, he could not help but wonder to himself: "Who can this be?"

"Moro, here Simon. Yogurty, our friend, has been thrown out of his flat," there was a pause: "Do you know where he will be?"

Simon had no idea. He sat up in bed and looked down at Karen and, although she heard the phone, she looked happy and content and fell back to sleep.

"Have you phoned him?"

"There is no answer."

"How did you hear?"

"I got an email from Dave - the chap who cycles to university everyday - he saw him standing outside the off sales."

"That's right Dave stays over near him."

"You know he has been unstable since his aunt passed away," Moro added quickly; "his phone has gone dead."

It was true there had been lots of chatter on the Internet about Yogurty. He had been trolling the nightclubs looking for women, ever since his aunt had passed away. The nightclubbers thought him funny; the way he loved to love them. His aunt had been everything to him, and with her now gone, he went out every night looking for someone to speak to. He even told people this when he danced with them on the floor. It had been

reported that, as he danced, he cried out to them: "I want to luv, I want your luv!" against the playing song.

The way he went on about his life, talking about robots, and the way he danced on the floor, made people laugh at him. He seemed lonely, yet happy, that was the report posted on the main social website the students used, on the morning Moro phoned Simon.

"You know the social worker last week who called to see him was told to Undo the image, and the door was shut in her face." Moro laughed down the phone: "She asked him to go and see his doctor, but he did not turn up for his appointment, and they stopped his brew money."

"Thanks for telling me Moro," Simon said. "Have you any idea where he will be tonight?"

"He may be sleeping behind the lockups, not far from his flat," replied Moro laughing. "You had better go round Simon and give him some yogurt for his breakfast."

As soon as Moro ended his call Simon phoned Yogurty on his mobile, but there was no answer. At the university, the next day, word came down from the head's office that someone, a neighbour, had complained last week that Yogurty had been playing loud music late into the night. They thought there was a party going on in his flat, so they phoned the police. He was evicted not long after this.

When Moro heard this, he thought that it was more like Yogurty was having a cyber party with the cam girls from Spain. He knew he liked them best of all. "This is what he liked to do, you know, go private with the cam girls late into the might," he laughed the next time he phoned him Simon: "He talks about them all the time to me, as if I know them."

It also came to light that because he had not sorted out his rent, after his aunt had passed away, this had triggered an

eviction order. His rent should still have been paid for by the state, but he had not filled in the relevant forms. The reports from so called friendly neighbours did nothing to help his cause.

Yogurty apparently popped out to buy some bread and milk, only to return to see his house all boarded up. Simon tried to contact the officials in the area by e-mail, after Yogurty had phoned him, but no one wanted to know. They were a strange lot elected members these days; for no matter what party they were associated with, he noticed they all stood back and waited for the cruel world to claim its next victim.

"Such are the times we are living in," he said to Moro, when he phoned him back.

Simon knew what he was doing with his campaign to set people free, but you had to live within the law to achieve success. Yogurty was now in need of help. Simon knew that outside of the system he was vulnerable. Most people were governed by cash, or status. Yogurty was not. You could not apply the philosophy Undo the image until you were playing the game, he had told him this many times. Now that society had turned its back on him, Yogurty was alienated. Simon was worried for him. He knew that life would goon as normal: councillors would meet clients for lunch; elected members would hide away from the gaze of their constituents planning their next career move. What was it to them if someone died in their area from an eviction order?

Simon felt that the local authorities were run by strange people who had no time for their constituents. You had to escape their tricks, live inside the law, Undo the image of them when they appeared on television, and in the media. Yogurty did not understand this.

Simon was an outsider too; it was no use kidding himself on. He knew that he would never be accepted in the corporate

circles that controlled the media. They wanted artists to bow down to them. He could never do that. He would excite the people online, and draw them away from the elite practices of corporate companies.

The state and corporate media were strange bedfellows, but they got on well together behind the scenes. Yes, he would become a revolutionary; they were right to call him Simon the Zealot. He would urge people to break away and become free. Freedom was intoxicating for human beings; he knew that. Every generation wanted to be free. However, vulnerable people in society like Yogurty were in danger, but he could not help them if they let their guard down, and they gave in too easily on looking for ways out of the maze. Once they lost their independence they would soon be at the mercy of corrupt public officials. The system overpowered ignorant people. He knew that what held citizens to the state was the fear of standing on their own two feet. The unseen regulations of the state invariably trapped people. The vulnerable quickly disappeared; they became excluded from society. Governments and corporations would always control the people by fear. People who are ignorant were at their mercy.

What Simon advocated was that humans should reach for the stars. They should think beautiful thoughts, love one another, and care for one another. They should be free to do this. Freedom was such a strange thing for people to grasp, let alone understand. In the modern world, many people thought freedom was being able to watch television all day long. Simon knew the media outputted stories to frighten people, that is how the establishment liked them to operate. Public schoolboys were let loose on the masses; they were many in the media. They feared herd values, so they adopted their own to govern the weak.

Simon was not interested in politics, or the media; he wanted to set people free from whatever held them. However, he noticed when meeting people that not everybody wanted to be set free. Simon left them alone, like the violent man, he let them go by him. He did not challenge them. His words were for those in trouble, those who were frightened by what they heard and read. Simon wanted to teach them how to: Undo the image. He showed them that unwanted things could be extinguished from their minds. He led them to the problem and the solution: Undo the image, if it's not right. This was his message today, and it would be the same tomorrow. It was certainly catching on, people were starting to say this to others, and moreover to themselves when they heard of unsettling reports. Undo the Image was becoming a popular catchphrase.

Ms Gun had spotted this well before anyone else. She also had noticed that the head was becoming desperate. She could tell this, for she knew his body language, and how it reacted to events, inside and outside of the university. When they had first met he had been happy to cheat on his wife, now when they had sex his body was tense and mechanical. His face always looked strained. He was angry about everything at home and at work. He swore a lot; he never used to do that. In fact, before they had started their affair, he had been quite charming. He now hated certain people, even some people he worked with. She knew some of them quite well; for they had been with her at the university since she had started. She did not know what to make of it all.

However, top of his list was the name Simon the Zealot, followed by Moro the foreigner and Yogurty the lunatic. The head knew that Simon's clever mind would be of no use to him, if no one listened to him. He had to be discredited. The students he could see were becoming laid back and recalcitrant.

Something was in the air. Something had to be done. He had seen revolution before. Punk rock had frightened him when he was young. He was just a student back then. He could never forget that; for that was when he became an outcast. It was funny looking back how he had felt awkward in among all those people with spiky hair and torn clothes. When he looked back he laughed; for all the punks she knew then were model citizens now.

Mr Hardin felt an enormous pressure on him to see that the minds of young people were organised in the right way. His raison d'etre was to make people conform to the world out there, before they left university. Anyone who was a revolutionary was in for trouble - he would see to that. He had friends in high places, like him, who would not stand for any interference from dissident students, or anyone else for that matter. He could see that the students were looking around for a leader. They were looking for someone to lookup to. The carrot offered to students at the university was: if they studied hard they would succeed in society, and in life. The students knew there were not that many jobs out there so the accent was on personal performance these days.

His secretary, Ms Gun, could see that Simon was clever, good looking and charming too. She could see and understand why the students liked him. He understood human nature; very few people who went to university were like this. There were many clever people at the university, but they were clever in an academic sense.

Many students and teachers ran to their text books to try to solve their personal problems. Life floored them by its simplicity, but not Simon the Zealot. It was when the head cried out in his office: "That bastard, Simon the Zealot, I will teach him a lesson!" that she started to worry.

Ms Gun sensed a violent streak in her lover now; she recognised the symptoms right away. When she heard him scream she immediately thought of her brother. He had once attacked a man at the bus stop, after calling him by the same name.

When they had sex in her apartment now he would shout things at her - wild things - he never used to do that. At first, she thought it funny: “Come on you bitch, get on your knees,” but now his face contorted and his eyes had a mad look in them when he said it.

He seemed to be running out of time but, then again, when she thought about it he had at least another ten years to go before he was due to retire. There was talk of a divorce, and him moving in with her into her apartment. Something was happening inside his mind. She did not like it.

12

Karen was from a good home. However, at some point in her life she saw that being good got her nowhere, and she started doing her own thing. Simon had fallen for her, and she liked him although his passion for the truth was greater than hers. The sound of laughter when they met each other was a sure sign they were on the right track. She stayed with Simon now in his flat at the weekends. He did not seem to mind; he could work on his projects, as he called them, while she watched satellite TV. Karen also liked reading books and watching films too. She usually picked them up at the library, and brought them along with her.

Simon liked watching foreign films on terrestrial TV, and sometimes late on in the evening he would switch on the box and watch one with her. "How can you be bothered with subtitles," she would always upbraid him.

It was usually halfway through the film she would snuggle up beside him then, not long after this, they would totter off to

bed. This evening Simon was sitting in his flat with Karen; he was strumming on his guitar when the doorbell rang. It was ten o'clock. They were thinking of going out for the night; there had been talk about going to the Vagabond Club. This was the club where they had first met.

Simon wondered who it could be at this time of the night. Moro never visited him at home at the weekend, or at any other time. When he got to the hall, he could see a figure standing there under the bright stair light. The landing was always well lit. He knew that the intercom downstairs was either broken, or someone had left the main door open.

There was no doubt about it there was someone standing there, and whoever it was had come up the stairs. "Then again it may be one of the neighbours, that new girl across the landing. Has she found another spider in her bath?" he wondered to himself.

She was not his type, too butch for him. He was not all that keen to see her again. He remembered, as he stood there, that not long after moving into her flat she had come to his door with a terrified look in her eyes.

She asked Simon if he could remove a spider from her bath. Of course, when he saw the spider there in her spanking-new bathroom, he chased it away, then to reassure her, he quoted the bible before leaving her apartment: The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces. Pr 30:28.

It wasn't her though: for it was the outline of a man. When his face came into focus, through the frosty glass, he recognised it right away. It was the head of the university Mr Hardin. "What does he want on a Saturday night at 10 o'clock?" he laughed to himself.

Simon opened the door: “I would like to speak with you,” said the head, staring at him. Simon noticed his agitated manner, and he played it cool: “You had better come in, then.”

He hoped Karen would be fine with this. Mr Hardin was dressed in his single-breasted pinstripe; he looked strange, for he had taken off his tie. Karen had never met him, though she had heard all about him. Simon knew Karen would not be put out; she was a bit of an exhibitionist in doors. When she stayed with Simon, she loved standing naked looking at herself in the full-length mirror in the dining room for long periods. She sometimes pretended to be a pole dancer, whenever she got the chance. In truth, she was shy, but in private she had few boundaries.

Simon hoped in the few moments that he had left her she had not undressed herself, and was now walking around the room naked. As the head walked into the large living room, he noticed that Karen did not really notice him, until she heard Simon say: “This is Mr Hardin, he wants to talk with me.”

She looked up at once, over the woman’s magazine she was reading, but she did not speak. Simon said: “Please sit down,” and he pointed to the vacant seat on the couch beside her.

As Simon sat down in his usual chair, Karen looked again at him, and everyone sensed the unusual atmosphere. Presently, she got up off her seat, put down her magazine on the drum table, and said in a polite manner: “Would you like a coffee or some tea?”

Mr Hardin said in a definite manner: “No thank you,” and he stood in the middle of the room.

“Simon,” she said, her eyebrows going up, “Would you like something?”

"Yes, thanks," exclaimed Simon, clapping his hands, "that would be lovely, tea for me." and as she passed by Simon, she looked at him as if to say: "What does he want?"

The head wasted no time: "Simon I am here to ask you to give up blogging while you are at university. I want you to give it up until you have completed your studies."

Karen stopped. She was just about to leave the room. She looked back over at Simon, and couldn't help but wonder what was going on.

"Undo the image web-site is causing chaos with the students."

Simon looked down at the celebrity on the front cover of the magazine she had been reading, now lying on the floor. He knew nothing about him. Then he said diplomatically: "Well, it's not something I can say yes, or no, to just like that, you know."

The head looked at him, as if trying to threaten him, but he knew he was not in his office now. Mr Hardin seemed to come to his senses, and in a hurry left the apartment.

When Karen arrived with the tea, she said sarcastically: "Where's old grumpy face got to, then?"

"Home, I suppose," Simon answered, in a natural tone, before taking the hot cup of tea from her. "You don't think he is heading for Ms Gun's apartment at this time of the night, do you?" and they both laughed.

Karen sat down on the settee, kicked off her shoes, and stretched out again. "So what did old grumpy face want?"

"For me to stop blogging, and take down the Undo the image website.

Karen laughed to herself and, as she looked out of the bay window at the flat opposite, she asked him: "Are you?"

"No."

"Good."

13

Simon the next day posted another blog. Mr Hardin had given him an idea. He had been thinking about the subject for most of Sunday evening:

The head of the university has asked me to stop promoting the Undo the image website, and stop blogging. I feel that the subject matter is too important, so I have refused. I can see that the website is helping people. The freedom to write and say what you think is important. I urge you to think for yourselves at all times: be free, dismiss false images, and love one another. Brothers and sisters even if the Undo the image site is taken down remember: Undo the image, if it's not right.

The e-creepers were on the go again hacking and breaking into people's computers. It was well-known that they worked for anyone: government agencies, as well as companies large and small. Simon and his friends always washed their computers after using them, but the general opinion among the students

was that all personal data could be accessed at the university and elsewhere. People from afar could build up a profile about you.

Many students cared little about the e-creepers, and others, who breached their privacy. They uploaded personal files in defiance of them: sex parties and other activities that they were involved in. The only thing they risked was someone being upset by a video stream, or photo, and complaining about it to them directly. However, very few people made a direct complaint against anyone as regards this.

Students like everyone else knew that once you had uploaded a file, it could be grabbed and used on any site. 'Why worry,' was the common phrase. 'Copyright is not involved.'

It was hard to shock people these days anyway; for all human activity was up there online for all to see. Simon's campaign Undo the image was only relevant within the law. He had made this clear at the outset of his campaign. You have to play the game to break the hold society has on you. There was no doubt about it the university had it in for the three men. They saw them as bad influences on others.

In the case of Moro, the fly foreigner; Yogurty the madman; and Simon the Zealot the messianic blogger. The staff knew that they were leading students away from anything that controlled them. Corrupt government officials were putting pressure on universities to make sure their ideas were getting into the heads of their students.

It was reported on the Internet early Monday morning on a social site that Yogurty had been found dead; he had spent many nights sleeping rough, that's all it said.

***

"Coffee for you guys?"

When they heard the waitress say this they both seemed to realise that the empty chair beside them would not be filled again.

"Is your friend not coming along today?" she asked.

Simon seemed to come to his senses when he heard the waitress say this: "No, he won't be coming along today," he answered her.

When they sat down, he asked Moro: "What happened?" I hear that the police are treating it as suspicious."

There were tears in Moro's brown eyes. "He was a good man, you know" he said, staring into his small white espresso cup.

Simon looked away from him; for he did not want to cry. He focused on the large fridge packed with ice drinks and cartons of yogurt, and tears did fill up in his eyes when he saw them.

Simon knew that although Yogurty argued a lot with Moro, he loved him: "We should go to the head and speak to him, and ask him to write to the police and ask for an enquiry," he suggested. "For there is no doubt about it; he has been killed after being evicted."

Moro agreed with him; he knew that very few people can exist on the street without a roof over their head. He knew too that, due to his antics, Yogurty had become a liability, but the way he had been evicted from his flat was out of order. Some students he had heard saw him in a club in town, during the week, banging on the bar crying: "Look what they have done to me!" He no longer cried: 'I want to love.' He seemed depressed.

Simon's favourite phrase that Yogurty was overweight but kind seemed to play like a song in his mind. The memory of the first time he said that to him in their café bar made him cry. He remembered how Yogurty spoke to him about online

communities. He remembered too how he read out all sorts of strange things to him from his computer. Yogurty could tell you everything you wanted to know about how the dark market operated on the Internet. He escaped the control of society by being a cyberpunk. He should have listened more to that preacher in the local church he went t

Yogurty knew all about surveillance on the individual, and the access of personal information by e-creepers. He remembered how Yogurty had said that the e-creepers knew the colour of the vibrators the female students bought on the Internet, before they received them in the post. "It's not me that is strange, but the world," he would often say to his friends.

Mr Hardin had been expecting them. He was in reception talking to Ms Gun. In fact, he was so relaxed that he was sitting on top of her desk reading e-mails on his mobile phone. She was on her laptop computer as usual inputting information about new courses for foreign students. His face came to life when the door opened; he was almost pleased to see them. "Hello lads how are your studies going? Just dropping by to see how we are getting on here?"

Moro was first to step forward into the small office: "We have some terrible news about our friend Yogurty."

Sitting in her usual place his secretary looked out of the faraway window. Ms Gun stopped typing, and stared down at the thin industrial gray carpet below her feet. Normally, the office would have by this time informed the next of kin of his death, and letters of condolence would have been sent out, but it was an unusual situation.

Ms Gun lifted her head, and in a genuine tone said: "Due to the fact that his aunt has just passed away we are still trying to find another relative."

Simon looked at her. Then he spoke: “Our friend, Yogurty died under suspicious circumstances. And we will not rest until justice has been done. I will be asking for a public enquiry into his death: for he should not have been evicted.”

Moro liked the tone and nodded at the head a solemn nod: “That is right, sir,” and when no one said anything else, he quickly added: “Yogurty, he was a good man, you know.”

Ms Gun looked worried when Mr Hardin continued to sit on her desk and check his phone for updates. She did not know what to do. He should have been sayings something. In an excited tone she asked: “When did all this happen?”

Just then the head stood up, put his phone in his suit pocket and articulated slowly: “Yes, the police reported this to me this morning.”

Ms Gun knowing that he could be callous looked away from everyone. She knew her boss was playing a game with them. Simon knew it too. He looked into the bewildered eyes of the secretary, before he told her: “It was around midday on Thursday, he was thrown out of his house.”

“It does sound suspicious; I have to admit,” muttered Ms Gun.

Simon bold as brass told her: “They want to hush up his death; some people want it to be seen as misadventure, rather than foul play.” He put it to them: “His human rights were taken away from him: access to shelter, food and water. It was pointed out to the relevant authority that the council had made a mistake in evicting him, but they sat on their hands and did nothing.”

Ms Gun had a fearful look in her eyes now. She said in a pensive voice: “Oh, that’s terrible.”

The lack of real understanding with his friends at university annoyed Simon. People he knew were not killed by assassination in the modern world, educated people in local government and

their connections were far too clever for that. They pushed them to the edge where they were exposed to extreme elements: loneliness, and despair, being the two most dangerous.

Dawson was too young to know what he was getting in to, working for the e-creepers. Yogurty had fingered him a while ago. No one had seen him recently. Yogurty was right about many things. Superstates were active undermining lesser countries. The borders that had been set up after the Second World War to promote peace and goodwill between nation states were no longer natural. They were political and powerful people everywhere, but life had changed due to the Internet. Who controls the Internet controls society. It was difficult to see how to stop e-creepers like Dawson acting against ordinary citizens. In fact, you could not.

Simon threatened legal action against the police for not holding a public inquiry, but he knew he could not move them. He got word online what they were up to. What Yogurty said was true: "Everyone who has a computer is a Cyber soldier fighting against dark forces."

Just before the summer break Simon got a letter from the university telling him that he had been expelled for corrupting the students. He threw it in the bin. Simon would go underground now, and write blogs to help people avoid false images. He knew he was living in a post democratic period. Society was governed by men and woman who had little in common with the people they represented.

The things Simon had been taught at home, and at school, were still relevant to him, but he knew that through grace, on the interpretation of images, he had the final say. This would be his legacy. He planned to travel throughout Europe. Moro decided to leave for Spain. The two men met for the last time in their

favourite café bar in town; they promised they would meet up again. “Until the next time, my friend,” as Moro put it.

They both looked down at the empty chair beside them, before leaving the café bar. Simon looked into Moro’s eyes and shook his hand. And as they left the establishment for the last time, the two young men seemed to say it at the same time: “Undo the image, if it’s not right.”

Cosmos Original Records PPL member
www.cosmos-original-productions.co.uk

https://walkerjohna.wordpress.com/about/

Music from the novel:

https://itunes.apple.com/gb/album/new-day-radio-edit/id597867216?i=597867492&ign-mpt=uo%3D4ohttp://www.amazon.co.uk/s/ref=nb_sb_noss?url=searchalias%3Ddigital-music&field-keywords=Undo+the+imagehttp://open.spotify.com/album/2DiwEMnFpX9Kp4vfErgpoShttp://www.emusic.com/artist/jwyou/13611999/

HAPPY HOME

You may be walking past my gate,
And hear me playing songs from another age.
They may remind you of better times,
When life was innocent, and we were really wild.
You are here in my happy home,
Dreams are for real, you know,
If you let your feelings go.
Under the moonlight, so late at night,
Lost in a forest, runaway and hide.
No one will see you, summer's arrived,

Wait till the morning, wake up in the light.
Go forward and backwards, from side to side,
Move in a circle, runaway and hide.
Remember the tree house, hidden in the sky,
Everyone looking and calling you inside.

Song written and produced by John A.Walker, 2013
Release date: 2013, Copyright John A.Walker (JWYOU)
Album: Undo the Image
Cosmos Original Records PPL member

PEACE LOVE AND JOY

Peace love and joy,
The widow now she lives alone,
No one passes, no one phones.
Life to her is still unknown,

Her memories though are so much fun.
Don't be frightened of getting old.
Peace love and joy, are written in your heart.
Someone said it was the end of peace,
When the killing became so fierce,
Walk on through the valley of fear,
Dark moments, endless tears.
Don't be frightened when you are on your own.

I was always on the outside,
Never one for looking in,
Life is such an experience,
No one knows when it will end, or begin,
Don't be frightened when you hear of wars.

Peace love and joy are written in your heart.

Song written and produced by John A.Walker, 2013
Release date: 2013, Copyright John A.Walker (JWYOU)
Album: Undo the Image
Cosmos Original Records PPL member

WANT TO LUV

Yogurty was seventeen,
Overweight, but kind,
When he danced upon the floor,
He would always cry,
I want to luv,
I want your luv.
Computer games had made him strange,
And porn had made him wild.
He would trawl the clubs at night.
To see what he could find.
Tablespace, lower camel case,
His phrases made people smile,
Cyber punks and college girls,
And other new age styles.

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OTHER SIDE OF LIFE

Wee Tony was a nice young man,

Lived life on the street with a can,
Evicted from his rented flat,
The council they had a very strange plan.
What should he do now,
Where should he go,
Up over to the other side of life.

Chased by an unmarked car,
Through the city streets he ran,
Found himself on a bridge too far,
And once there he made his stand.
Then he jumped into the water below.

The plain cops ran from their car,
To see if he had survived,
But no sign of a head or an arm,
As crowds gathered all around,
For the man he was on the way down.

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UNDO THE IMAGE

I was on the outside,
I was always looking in,
People they were friendly to me,
But it times it was sink or swim.
I've read everything in life, you know,
Now I know how to win.

Undo the image,
If it's not right.

UK, you may say,
Is the place to be,
Free speech, human rights,
Luv, integrity.
But you must protect yourself,
From states and authorities.

It's no disgrace, so don't you fear,
Not falling into line.
Be steadfast, hold your breath,
Think, clear your mind.
Everyone is vulnerable
Until the day they die

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ALWAYS REMEMBER

She thought a lot about when she was young,
Where she was from, what her mother had done,
Where they had stayed, her family and friends,
Cared by an aunt until she was ten.

Then one night she met someone nice,
And in his arms he told her about life,
His words were clear,

She touched the scar on his face,
And with a kiss, he said as they embraced.

Always remember, love is in your heart,
Love the things you cherish and they will never die.

He had some trouble early on in his life,
Made some mistakes, got into a fight,
Was badly scared for the rest of his life,
His being rocked to the core all right.

Life never stops, it always goes on,
Winter's here, then summer is gone,
Lovers part, babies are born,
Someone's brother, daughter or son.

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ANONYMOUS MAN

Things in the past, they upset him,
Yes clever minds, they can threaten,
And now he wanders round in circles,
Never speaks, never listens.
He hides away from society,
He's an anonymous man.

Lost for words,
No conversation,

He walks around in isolation.
Medieval thoughts,
No one to play with.
Another day of resignation.

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NEW DAY

Some people will follow you,
And some will look away.
This is society,
When in trouble, they walk away.
But there is a dream from a falling star,
Moving in your broken heart.
Wait for the New Day.

Birds can fly so faraway,
But we must think and pray,
Oh it's a tragedy,
You can't remember being born.
But there is a dream for everyone,
Moving in your broken heart.

The only thing that I regret,
Is kissing the dead flesh.
O it was hard to leave,
My father lying in his bed.
But there is a dream for everyone,

From birth to death, the kingdom come.
Wait for the New Day.

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Cosmos Original Records PPL member

JEALOUS HEART

Thousands of people,
Wasting their lives,
Bitter at others,
Trouble and strife.
No hope of change,
They hide from the light,
Love disappeared,
It left over night.
Love has now gone,
But where has it gone,
Something went wrong,
Everything is gone.
Hope is now fear,
Hobble along
Everything is queer,
When you are alone.
Man has a jealous heart,
Everything is made plain,
Voices sound the same,
No one is near,
There is no one to blame,
Mind is unclear, darkness despair,

She wont be there, no one will care.

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END OF AN ERA

Wearable computing,
Sends bluetooth to your brain,
Don't worry, it really doesn't matter,
Pop music will not last for ever.
So rest in peace Dylan and John Lennon,
This is a song for a new generation.
The era has come to an end,
Play all your records, remember your friends.

Here is the message, email all your friends,
If you streamline this image,
Click to save, then send.
On line surfers have brought about the change,
Real time lovers playing on line games.

If you put on virtual glasses,
You can wipe away the rain,
Wearable computing,
Sends bluetooth to your brain.
Love making images,
Cyber men from space,
CAM girls from their bedrooms,
Will excite you every day.

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STAY WITH ME

Look at the sunset,
The day has turned to night,
Figures move slowly,
As cars pass them by.
Oh where does life come from,
And where will it go now.
Live life in the present,
The hear and the now.
Darling won't you stay with me tonight.

Shops are now empty,
They are closed for the night,
People are happy,
They're saying goodbye.
Another day is over,
The sunset is on fire,
Live life in the present,
And you'll never die.

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WONDERFUL LIFE

As I walk along, I feel wonderful,
My eyes are fixed, soul indestructible.
With every step I take, I find my way.
And all the stars they shine from heaven above.
The praise of man therefore must go to God,
And every day in life is wonderful.
The things you see out there incredible,
And every day in life is another day,
To help your fellow man along the way.

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